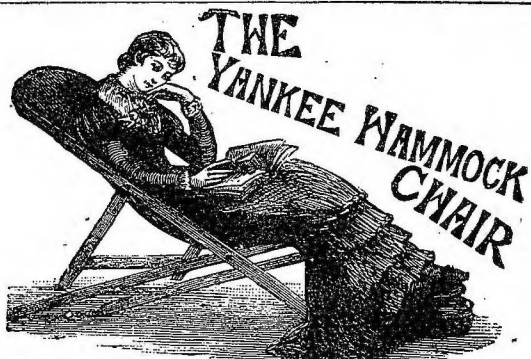




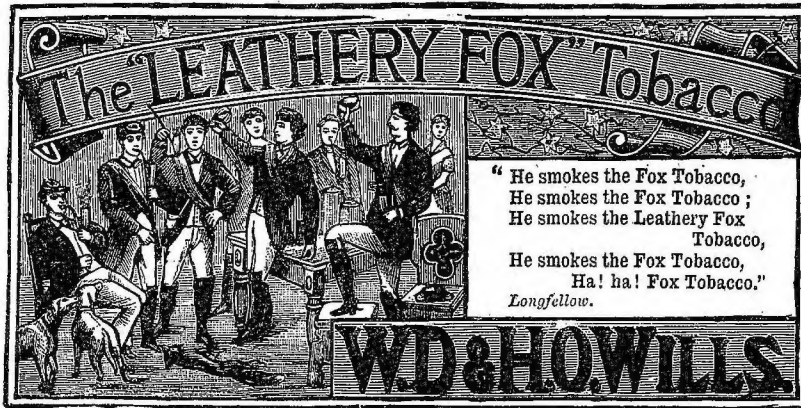
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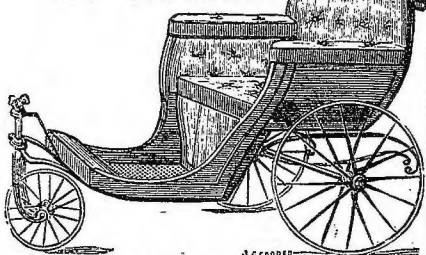


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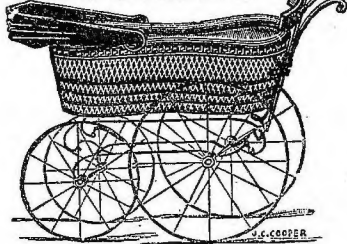
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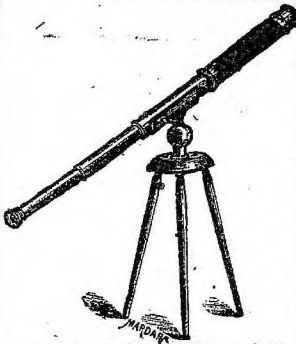
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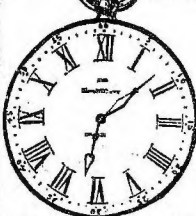
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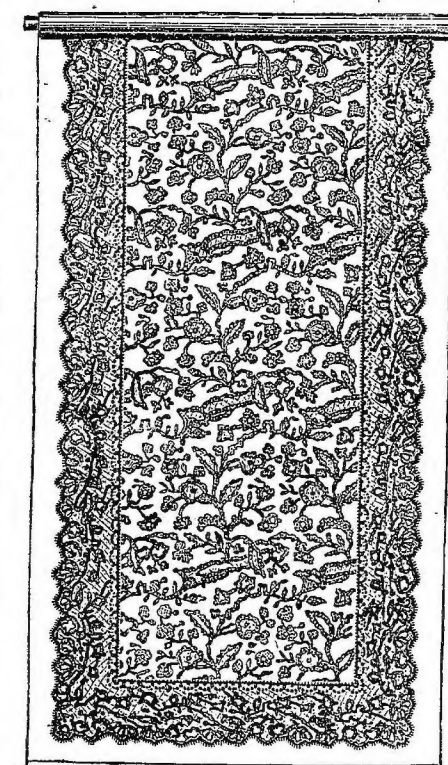
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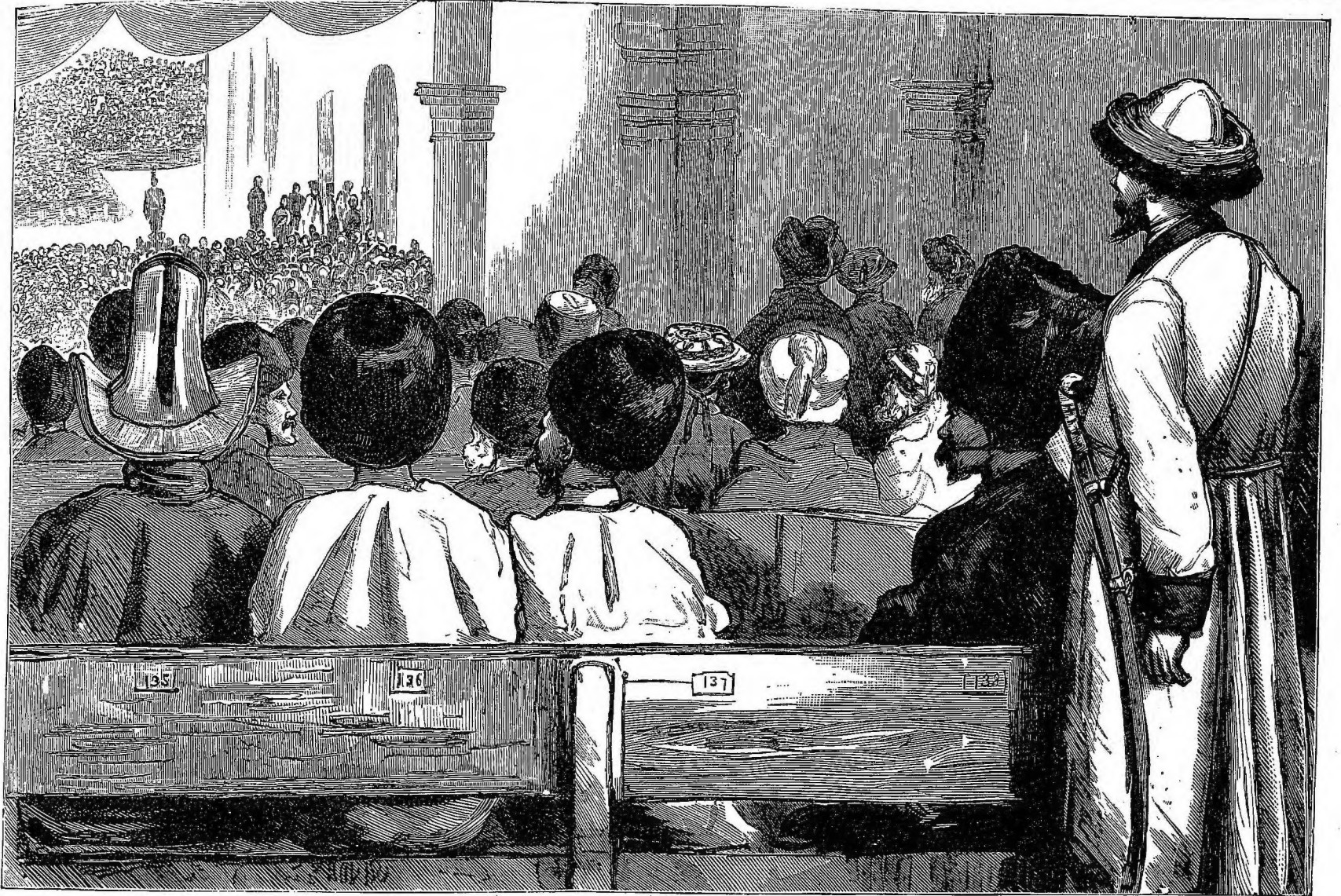
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THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS

Topics of the Week

WORK IN PARLIAMENT.—The Government cannot reasonably complain of the spirit in which the House of Commons has dealt with its measures lately. Had there been any disposition on the part of the Conservatives to pursue a policy of "veiled obstruction," it would have been easy for them to carry on tedious debates on the important principles involved in the Agricultural Holdings Bills and the Corrupt Practices Bill; yet these measures were read a second time after a very moderate amount of quiet discussion. Whatever may be said of a few restless Tories, the Conservatives as a party must desire to maintain the dignity and the efficiency of Parliament; and there is no reason to suppose that they would resist any proposal merely for the purpose of damaging the Ministry. The outlook for the remainder of the Session is, therefore, fairly good; and it would be still better if Mr. Gladstone could be persuaded to annex the evenings of Tuesday and Friday. His motive in leaving these evenings to private members was excellent, and it may be admitted that the House of Commons might make admirable use of the opportunity thus provided for it. Bills submitted by private members, if they relate to complicated questions, do not often become law; but there may be much advantage even in the discussion of "fads," seeing that fads sometimes contain the germ of future legislation; and when they are absurd, there is no way in which they can be so effectually disposed of as by a little cool public criticism. As a matter of fact, however, Parliament declines to trouble itself about the schemes of private members. On Tuesdays and Fridays there is almost invariably a "count," and so a great deal of time is lost at a period of the Session when every hour is precious. This does not seem to be a practical arrangement.

IRELAND AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Neither the imprisonment nor the release of Messrs. Healy, Davitt, and Quinn caused much outward excitement, but in the present condition of Ireland, where open sedition is repressed by the arm of the law, it would be rash to draw inferences merely from surface-aspects. Of one thing we may be certain, the imprisonment of these men may make them more careful of their language for the future, but it will not make them any more loyal to the Imperial connection, and, indeed, they are already recommencing their mischievous work of agitation. We advisedly use the word "mischievous," for the agitators, both here and in America, who speak daggers, but do not use them, are the real instigators of the crimes for which several young men—of most excellent character in other respects—have lately paid the penalty of their lives on the scaffold, and for which other young men despatched across the Atlantic to perform their fiendish mission are now about to stand their trial. It is in some respects a consolation to learn that the successive murders in Ireland which for some three years horrified us on this side of St. George's Channel were not isolated acts of vengeance, but were all directed by a central organisation. Some years ago a similar Murder League, styled the "Molly Maguires," which terrorised the mining districts of Pennsylvania, was stamped out by the energetic severity of the authorities, and similar results may be hoped for at home. On the other hand, it is the reverse of a consolation to find how many Irishmen, otherwise respectable enough, but blinded by party spirit, sympathise with, or at least extenuate, these cold-blooded villains. By a large part of the lower classes, at any rate, the men who have lately been hanged are regarded as martyrs who have offered up their lives for the sake of Old Ireland. It is rather doubtful whether the recent action of the Pope will exercise much practical effect. As is well known, Paddy is an Irishman first and a Catholic afterwards; and then it must be candidly confessed that the Vatican has always looked very leniently on the rebellious tendencies of such countries as Poland and Ireland. Irish patriots, therefore, naturally feel aggrieved at the Pope's change of front, although they console themselves by asserting that His Holiness has been "got at" by Mr. Gladstone *via* the unofficial and mysterious Errington.

IROQUOIS NAMES.—The athletic survivors of the old Iroquois League (once as powerful in America as the Latin League in Italy) have been defeated at La Crosse by the Paleface braves. The Red Men seem to have had an eccentric captain, but still more eccentric were their names. Most of them had the figure "8" in their composition, like the famous racer, Pot-8-os. Thus we find "Deon-8-adase," "Iaon-8-andskare," and "Sa-8-atis Atirhiton," among the countrymen of Manabozho. What does this "8" mean, and how is it to be pronounced? It is as puzzling as the marks which indicate "clicks" in the unpronounceable names of Bushmen chiefs and heroes. We have never observed this mystic "8" in the spelling of Indian names in Morgan, Schoolcraft, Brinton, the Reports of the American Ethnological Bureau, or elsewhere. However the names may be pronounced, they have delightfully savage meanings, equal to Chingachgook, the Great Snake, in the chronicles of the "Last of the Mohicans." "Hole in the Sky" would certainly be claimed as a Solar Myth, if he were not a live Indian. "Moving Wind" is "doubtless" (as the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox would say) an elemental wind-god. He is also

"point" in the game of La Crosse. "White Eagle" would be taken for the Dawn by Dr. Brinton, but, in point of fact, he kept goal at Lord's last Saturday.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE CATHOLICS.—At last Prince Bismarck has definitely revealed what he is prepared to do in the hope of reconciling Church and State in Prussia. He tried hard to arrive at an understanding with the Papacy; but the Papacy obstinately refused to accept his terms. Unless, therefore, he was prepared to let the contest go on in the old way, he had no alternative but to submit to the Prussian Parliament a measure embodying the concessions he thought he could fairly offer; and this alternative he has accepted. It must be admitted by Catholics that, on the whole, the Bill is conceived in a generous spirit. It modifies largely the right of veto hitherto claimed by the Government with regard to appointments granted to priests by the ecclesiastical authorities; so that the Bishops will be able to make at least temporary provision for the wants of vacant parishes. Appeal is also permitted from the Ecclesiastical Court to the Minister of Public Worship, who will usually, of course, be anxious to prevent unnecessary friction between the temporal and spiritual powers. On the other hand, the State retains the right of veto in the case of priests to whom the Church proposes to entrust the permanent administration of parishes; and the education of the clergy will still have to be conducted in accordance with the existing laws. It is difficult to say whether this compromise will seem to the Papacy to be adequate; but probably the majority of German Catholics are of opinion that it would be prudent to accept thankfully what Prince Bismarck is willing to give them. They must know that they are not likely in the near future to obtain more favourable conditions.

PRINCES AS VICEROYS.—There must have been something in the air about the Duke of Albany and the Governor-Generalship of Canada, or Mr. Gladstone would not have so mysteriously parried Baron de Worms' question. To the broad question whether such an appointment would be advisable or the reverse, the reply would be coloured by the political tendencies of the person asked. The ardent Monarchist would see in such an appointment the opportunity of giving a deserving scion of Royalty work really worthy of his exalted position; the narrowness and self-seeking which too often disfigure the politics of the Western Hemisphere would be tempered by the presence of a personage whose rank gave him a station above ordinary rivalries; and gradually Canada, and even the United States also, would imitate England in those matters of social and political life wherein the mother-country differs, and differs for the better, from her descendants across the Atlantic. To which the Democrat may reply: "A tropical plant will not flourish under the feeble sun of England; neither will Monarchy take root in America. All the traditions are alien. They were alien even before the Revolution, or George the Third would not so easily have lost his hold on the people; and they are still more alien now. Canada, of course, is more British, and therefore more Monarchical, than the United States, but she cannot help treading in the steps of her mighty neighbour, and these steps are certainly not towards Constitutional Monarchy. For the Royal Princes themselves such appointments would probably be beneficial, and would prevent them from being the mere ornamental figures they now are. But would it be good for Canada? The danger would be that the Prince would fall into the hands of snobs and toadies; that he would fail to realise the feeling and aims of the community at large; and that, if he became unpopular, his withdrawal, unlike that of an ordinary Governor, would be almost as serious as the severance of the Imperial connection." So much for the Democrat. Our own opinion is this: We have an abundance of Royal princes and princesses. The veiled Republic which underlies our professed Monarchy prevents the former from finding adequate work at home. In the self-ruling colonies they would be welcome as Governors, whose functions, be it remembered, are precisely those of Constitutional Sovereigns. We do not believe in the Democrat's dismal forecasts. If Canada got on very well under a man who had the Queen for a mother-in-law, why should she not get on equally well under a man who had the Queen for a mother?

THE WHITE JUMBO.—Mr. Barnum, fired with his triumph in the purchase of Jumbo, has long desired to buy a white elephant. The ordinary rule is for the King of Siam to give a white elephant to persons whom he wishes to ruin. *Quos rex vult perdere prius whitelephantat*, if we may parody the old saying about the gods. The unhappy Siamese recipients of the white elephant are ruined in the effort to live up to the animal. As the soul of Cakya Muni dwells in a white elephant, and as no one knows which white elephant, all animals of the species are maintained in costly splendour. But Mr. Barnum would not be ruined by the gift of a white elephant: quite the reverse. The brute would prove a new and splendid attraction. Unluckily for him, the elephant which was to have been his has died. He never loved a white elephant, but when it came to know him well, the creature died. The whole Siamese nation shares in the mourning of Mr. Barnum. When Apis died all Egypt lamented, and all Siam wails for its sacred beast, refusing to be comforted. But Mr. Barnum is not likely to be defeated,

and New York will yet see a creature more imposing and awful (to the religious mind) than were the "moral bars" of Mr. Artemus Ward, his small but lively tiger, and that "amoosin' little cuss," his kangaroo.

POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE CHURCH.—In the bitter speech in which the Bishop of Peterborough opposed the Cathedral Statutes Bill, he declaimed eloquently on the position of the Church with regard to the two great political parties. The Church, he asserted, holds aloof from politics, desiring only to do good to all men. The consequence is that it receives lukewarm support even from the Conservatives; while from the Liberal party, of which the Dissenters are the "backbone," it can expect no favour. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether the Church is so strictly impartial in politics as the Bishop represents. Its official assemblies certainly do not pass resolutions for or against the Government; but most people have hitherto believed that Conservatism owes something to the efforts of the clergy as private citizens. However this may be, the unwillingness of political parties to promote ecclesiastical legislation is surely not altogether a disadvantage to the Church. The latest attempt of Parliament to control the action of the clergy—the Public Worship Act—has not been so brilliant a success that any one should wish for a quickening of the interest of our rulers in such matters. By the operation of this Act some unfortunate clergymen have been put in prison, and a vast amount of strife has been evoked; but any beneficial result of the measure it would be hard to indicate. The truth is that an assembly of laymen is incompetent to appreciate the significance of many difficulties which stir the clerical mind to its depths; and the less the State interferes with the Church, the better are their mutual relations likely to be. This general proposition, however, raises no presumption against such a measure as the Cathedral Statutes Bill, the promoters of which contend that its effect would simply be to enable the governing bodies of the cathedrals to extend their usefulness.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.—The progress of this measure should be regarded with especial interest by all those persons who are patriots rather than partisans. Bankruptcy—unlike plans for agrarian or ecclesiastical reform—has no connection with party politics; and aristocrats and democrats are equally interested in promoting legislation which tends to lessen the number of bankruptcies, to increase the chances of detecting and punishing fraudulent failures, and to effect an economical distribution of an insolvent's assets. The Bankruptcy Bill is also interesting for another reason. Its ultimate fate will test the utility of the newly-established Grand Committees. If the House, as a whole, cordially accepts the decisions of the Grand Committee, and passes the Bill as it comes from their hands without prolonged discussion, we may conclude that, at all events as regards legislation which does not arouse partisan acrimony, the Standing Committees are likely to afford some relief to an over-taxed body of legislators. As for the Bankruptcy Bill itself, it has had the great advantage of being under the guidance of a man who knows when it is expedient to yield and when to stand firm. Mr. Chamberlain showed this in his acceptance of a compromise regarding the hotly-discussed sixty-eighth clause. By retaining the control of the balances in the hands of the Board of Trade he preserved the essential point, without which the whole spirit of the Bill would have been burked; but, at the same time, he mollified the alarms of the country bankers by authorising the Board of Trade to allow the accounts of bankrupt estates to be kept at local banks when such an arrangement should be deemed advisable. But, although Mr. Chamberlain's reputation as a statesman has been raised by this incident, it does not augur well for the future working of the Bankruptcy Act. As a body, the commercial community have been apathetic; they seem to regard bankrupts as a butcher regards blow-flies—as an unavoidable incident of trade. All this recent clamour has been made, not by people who wished to make the Bankruptcy Bill as good as possible, but by people with a keen eye to their own interests, who were afraid that they should lose the handling of the insolvents' assets.

WOMEN AS DOCTORS.—Some years ago, when a few bold women claimed to be admitted into the medical profession, it was confidently predicted by their opponents that the movement would soon come to an end. These prophets must have been dismayed by the report submitted the other day to the meeting which assembled to see the annual distribution of prizes in connection with the London School of Medicine for Women. It was stated that during the last winter no fewer than forty students had attended the school and hospital. The expenses amounted to about 2,000*l.*, and they were more than defrayed by fees, by the interest derived from an endowment fund of 4,500*l.*, and by donations or subscriptions. The institution is therefore in a flourishing condition, and may be expected to become more and more prosperous. It is too late now to argue that women are incapable of doing the work of doctors, for experience has proved that in attendance upon children and adults of their own sex they can compete on equal terms with male practitioners, and that there is, in fact, a considerable demand for their services. Even if there were not much room for them at home, there would be a splendid field for their exertions in India, where they would be welcomed by the women of many native households. Already 40,000

rupees have been subscribed, chiefly by native gentlemen, for the purpose of securing the establishment of properly qualified women at Bombay, and it is hoped that a Medical Scholarship for India, worth 50*l.* a year for five years, will shortly be offered. Any one who wishes to give money for the promotion of good objects, and who sympathises with the aims of this "London School," ought to have no difficulty in finding a worthy opportunity for the exercise of his or her benevolence.

THE SUEZ CANAL SHAREHOLDERS.—The main article of faith in a shareholder's creed is naturally a high permanent dividend, and, as the Suez Canal shareholders are like other shareholders, they would like nothing better than that the artificial ditch which joins the Mediterranean to the Red Sea should remain their monopoly to the end of time. Shipowners might be driven wild by perpetual blocks and delays, but so long as their wrath did not send them steaming round the Cape of Good Hope, the Suez shareholders might laugh at their anger. The shipowners themselves, however, four-fifths of whom are British, necessarily saw matters in a different light, and as during last summer our virtuous and pacific Premier did certain high-handed things which have resulted in a British occupation of Egypt, the aforesaid shipowners determined to try and make an entirely fresh Canal. It was to go by a different route, have an outlet at a different part in the Mediterranean, and, in short, be quite independent of M. de Lesseps. Hereupon M. de Lesseps did exactly what the genuine original old-established monopolist always does on such occasions. He was frightened by the threatened rivalry, and so now he has discovered, what he would not easily have discovered otherwise, that the existing Canal is not nearly big enough, that not only must it be widened and improved, but that a second Canal must be dug alongside of it. We pardon M. de Lesseps' vigorous abuse of this country, because in this matter, as we have already observed, we make great allowance for French susceptibility, and for this reason we should be glad if it could be decided that M. de Lesseps' proposal should be adopted rather than that of a totally independent Canal. One thing is certain, so long as we occupy Egypt—and we are not likely for the present to leave it voluntarily—we shall practically control these waterways, by whomsoever constructed, or in whatever part of the Khédive's dominions they may be. Such being the case, it might be well to let the enterprising De Lesseps make the new Canal, and begin the work as soon as possible.

A MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY.—Readers of the late M. Gaboriau's novels will remember his fondness for a good mysterious robbery. Given a strong box—locked with one of those pleasing letter-locks which can only be opened by persons who know the watchword—to rob the box. This is the problem, or rather to find out who robbed the box is the problem, of one of the most exciting novels in the French language. The Horse Guards, according to the *Broad Arrow*, are occupied (less pleasingly than the readers of M. Gaboriau) with a similar question. A robbery, it seems, has been successfully carried out in the office of the Chief Paymaster of the Home District, at the Horse Guards. It is believed that the deed was done between a Saturday afternoon and a Monday morning. The safe, which has proved unsafe, was locked with a "detector" lock, and could only be opened when the hands on a dial were moved to a particular position, supposed to be known to none but persons of trust. In spite of these ingenious precautions, a bag containing 400*l.* in gold is missing. As the theft occurred in the height of the racing season, one may guess that some ingenious person has succeeded, at the expense of his country, in paying his debts of honour. The Department should use one of the arrangements of bars which catch and hold the hand of the unauthorised explorer, as in the story called "La Main Coupée."

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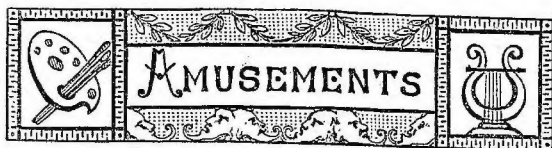
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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT the Second Portion of "THIRLBY HALL," a New Novel, by W. E. Norris, Author of "No New Thing," illustrated by William Small, and which will be continued Weekly till completion.



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THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR

AT THE HOLY GATE OF THE KREMLIN

To take up our pictorial chronicle of the Coronation festivities at Moscow chronologically, the Czar and the Empress, on reaching the Kremlin after their State entry on the 22nd ult., halted at the Iverskié Gate in order to revere one of the most sacred pictures in the Russian Church—the Iberian Mother of God. Dismounting from their carriages, the Czar and Czarina entered the little chapel, being received on the steps by the clergy with the cross and holy water. This picture is credited with marvellous healing powers, and is frequently transported, travelling in State in a coach and six, to the bedside of the dying in Moscow. The revenue from the offertory is calculated to be over 50,000*l.*, and the shrine is always beset by worshippers. As the Czar passed under the gate into the Kremlin he, according to universal custom, removed his helmet, the incident represented by our artist.

SOME ASIATIC VISITORS

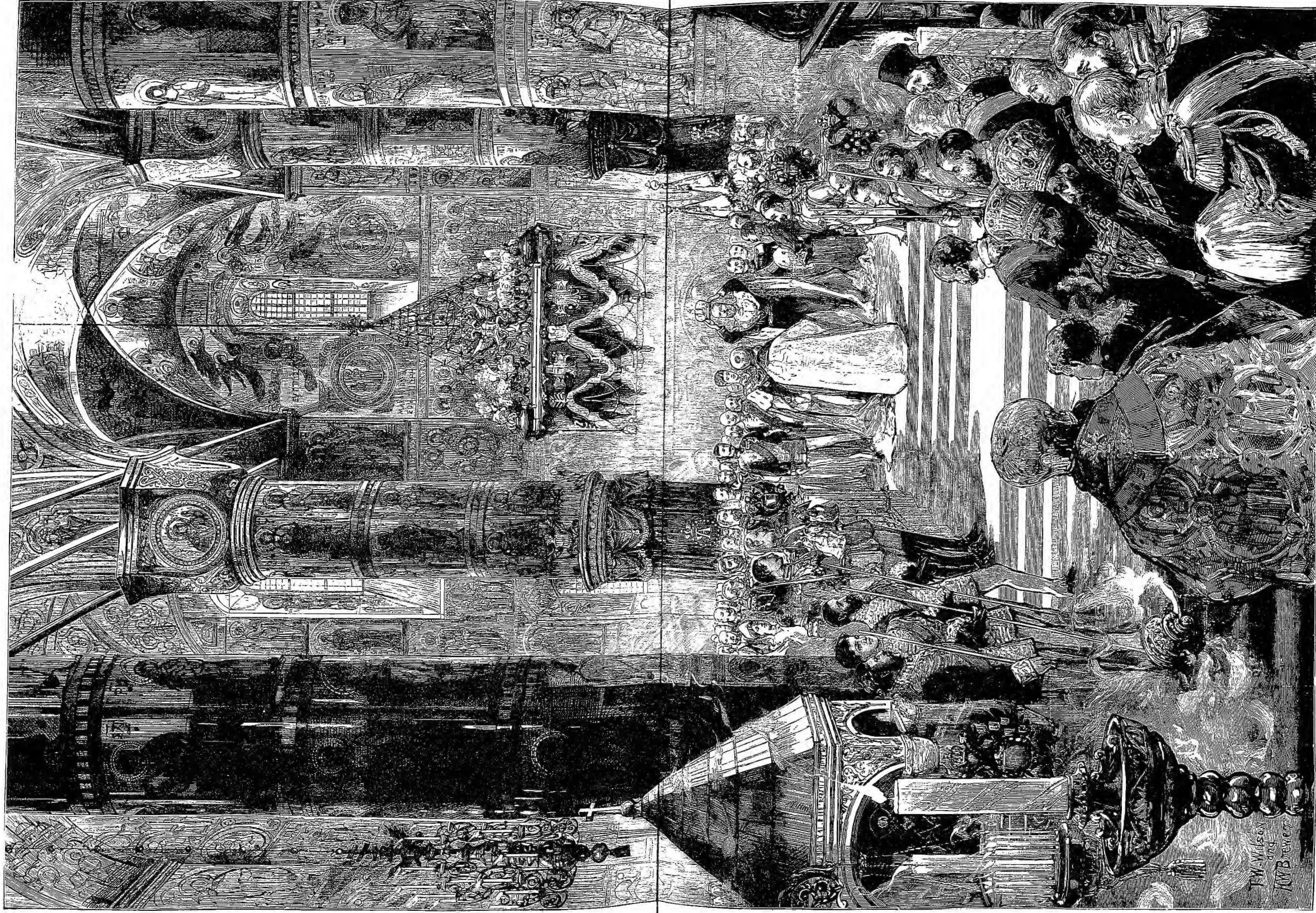
ONE of the most striking features, both of the State entry and Coronation ceremony itself, was furnished by the guests and deputations from the Asiatic Provinces of the Czar—who, amongst his threescore and six titles, claims those of Lord and Sovereign of the Circassian Princes, of Czar of Georgia, of Lord of Armenia, and latest of all, of Lord of Turkestan. Thus there were representatives from all parts of Eastern Asia, and, in the words of the *Standard* correspondent, "Tarantchis from the Kuldja frontier, Kisbecks from Bokhara, Kalmucks from the borders of the Caspian, Mongols from Siberia, Sarts from Tashkend, Samarcand, and Kokhand, Black Kirghese, Kiptchaks, Kirakopodes, and Turkomans of many tribes, all in gowns of silk velvet brocade of many colours, amber and green predominating. These were girt with red sashes, in which were stuck poignards in silver sheaths, pistols damascened with gold, while scimitars, with belts sparkling with gems, hung at their sides. Their headgear—I know not whether it should be called turban, hat, or cap, was astonishing indeed, and for size and originality of shape could hardly be matched in the world. Red sugar-loafed peaks rose from mighty piles of the huge black Astrachan caps, which in turn were almost hidden in a white billowy mass of silk or cotton *kolpaks* of huge dimensions."

THE PROCLAMATION BY THE HERALDS

ON May the 24th and 25th public proclamation was made that the Coronation would take place on the following Sunday. The ceremony first took place in the Kremlin, in a large open space between the Senate and the Arsenal. The ground was kept by squadrons of Cuirassiers and Guards. Around the commanding officers, mounted and richly costumed, were the Secretaries of the Senate who were to read the Proclamation, two pursuivants, and four heralds, the pursuivants being gorgeously arrayed in crimson cavalier hats, with yellow, black, and white plumes, gold and satin mantles, slashed hose, and doekin riding boots. Punctually at 9 p.m. the heralds sounded their trumpets, and the crowd uncovered while the Secretary read the Proclamation, announcing how "our Most August, Most High, and Most Mighty Sovereign, Emperor Alexander Alexandrovitch, having ascended the hereditary throne of the Empire of All the Russias, and of the Kingdom of Poland, and of the Grand Duchy of Finland," had fixed May 27th for the "sacred solemnity of the Coronation and Consecration" of His Imperial Majesty and his "August Consort the Empress Marie Féodorovna." All faithful subjects were thereupon enjoined to offer up fervent prayers that the Almighty should "extend the favour of His blessing on the reign of His Majesty, to the maintenance of peace and tranquillity, to the very great glory of His Holy Name, and to the unchanging weal of the Empire." A loud cheer greeted the conclusion of the announcement, copies of which, on vellum, and ornamented with the arms, monograms, and insignia of the Emperor, were thrown amid the crowd, and great was the fighting and hustling to obtain a copy of the precious document, which many of the *moujiks* imagined would secure them important privileges. The Secretaries and their *cortège* next rode outside the Kremlin, and thence, dividing into two detachments, to the various gates and barriers, where similar scenes were enacted.

THE EVE OF THE CORONATION

ON May 26th, the day before the Coronation, the Czar and Czarina returned from the Palace at Neskoutchenaya, where they



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA—THE CZAR PLACING THE IMPERIAL CROWN UPON HIS HEAD IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION, THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW

FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS

T.W. Wilson
and
J.W. Brewer

had been spending three days in seclusion and prayer, to the Kremlin, and at once, according to custom, went to a service at the Church of the Redeemer, where certain devotional duties had to be performed which are considered necessary preparation for the Coronation ceremony. This church is the parent church of Moscow, and was originally founded in a wood which once crowned the summit now occupied by the Kremlin. It contains the relics of Stephen of Perm, the first Christian missionary and martyr in Russia. "In my sketch," writes our artist, "the priest is waiting at the church door. The lions to the right date from the Middle Ages, and are painted red, with gilt paws and mane. The old man in the foreground is one of the keepers of the rooms, and an old soldier of Czar Nicholas." After the conclusion of the service, which is always performed on the eve of the Coronation, the Imperial family ascended an old carved staircase which leads to the apartments of the old Czars, and there partook of a cup of tea.

THE CORONATION

WE have already fully described the long and gorgeous ceremony of the Coronation of Sunday week, in the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin at Moscow, and need here only refer to the chief incident of all, which is depicted by one of our special artists. After the Czar had read aloud the Orthodox Creed, had been invested with the Imperial Mantle by his brothers, the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis, and by the Metropolitan of Kiev and Novgorod, and had received the Episcopal Benediction, the Bishop of Novgorod handed the Imperial Crown to the Emperor, who himself placed it upon his head. Then taking his sceptre in his right hand and the globe of the Empire in the left, he seated himself upon the throne. "It is a most impressive moment," writes the *Times* correspondent. "... Invested with all the symbolism of his mighty power, there now sits the monarch in whose hands are the destinies of more than ninety millions of his fellow-creatures, and never was sovereign in all his glory more gorgeously arrayed." The same writer also describes the crown as of gold enriched with pearls and diamonds, and surmounted by a very large ruby—"a crown of flashing sparkling light, worthy to be worn by a ruler whose dominions are spanned by half the circuit of the sun." After remaining on the throne for a moment the Czar touched the forehead of the Empress with his own crown, and then placed her own crown upon her head. Her Majesty was next invested with her Imperial mantle and the Collar of St. Andrew, and, after the Imperial styles and titles had been fully announced by the Archdeacon, the members of the Imperial Family approached to offer their congratulations, while an artillery salute of 101 guns thundered outside. This done, the Czar himself read a prayer, and after the Metropolitan had also prayed, a *Te Deum* was sung, after which the Czar and Czarina descended the platform on which their thrones were placed, and, followed in procession by all the great officers of State, proceeded to the Holy Doors before the altar. There the Metropolitan of Novgorod touched with a twig of gold, dipped in consecrated oil, the forehead, eyelids, nostrils, lips, ears, breast, and hands of the Czar, and the forehead of the Empress, and then their Majesties partook of the Communion, the Czar in the Holy of Holies as a priest, and the Empress after the lay custom. This practically concluded the ceremony, and then, the Czar and Czarina reascending the dais and reassuming their Imperial insignia and regalia, a magnificent procession was formed and left the Cathedral.

"CROWNED"—THE PROCESSION AFTER THE CEREMONY

THE Czar and Czarina walked under a gorgeous canopy, being greeted on their appearance outside by the enthusiastic cheers of the immense concourse of spectators. "The Emperor," the *Times* correspondent writes, "was supported by his brother the Grand Duke Vladimir, and the Empress by the Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch, several high dignitaries carrying the trains of the mantles of gold and ermine. With stately walk Alexander III., clothed in all the symbols and attributes of autocratic monarchy, made the circuit of the Tower of John the Great, showing himself as the crowned and anointed Czar to his faithful and enthusiastic subjects, and again entered the square in front of the red staircase, close to the southern door of the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael. There the High Priests received him, and conducted His Majesty and the Empress into the church to prostrate themselves before the Holy Icons. The same was done at the Church of the Annunciation, and then the Emperor and Empress, again placing themselves under the baldachin, ascended the red staircase amid the shouts of the people and troops, redoubled when they saw their Majesties stop at the top of the steps and turn towards them before re-entering the Palace, with a gracious bow of recognition."

THE CORONATION BANQUET

In the evening the Coronation Banquet took place in the Great Hall known as the Granovitaya Palata, where the Czar and Empress, wearing their Orders and mantles, dined by themselves on a dais, in the presence of the high dignitaries of the Empire, being served at table with all the pomp and ceremony of the Middle Ages by their chief Ministers and Chamberlains. Their Majesties sat beneath a canopy of black carved oak, and the service used was of gold, the porcelain being Sevres, with the cyphers of Catherine the Great. The Imperial Family dined in another room, from which a window looks down upon the Hall, while in a third hall were the tables for the Diplomatic Body. "On the Emperor's signal," the *Daily News* correspondent tells us, "the first course is brought in, and the Metropolitan of Novgorod blesses the repast. On the cup being filled for the Czar, all present salute, and those whose tables await themselves elsewhere retire backward with profound obeisance. Toasts are given to the Emperor and Empress, the Imperial family, the clergy, and the nation, and are saluted with salvoes of artillery." A concert followed, which included a new cantata by a Russian composer called "Moskwa." The hall in which the banquet was held is one of the most celebrated in the Kremlin. It is a vaulted apartment, with arches resting on a column in the centre of the room, and round which the Imperial plate was displayed. The walls are decorated with valuable frescoes, which had been cleaned and brightened up for the occasion; a magnificent carpet of white and gold covered the floor; while the crimson velvet hangings worked after the Byzantine style lent an indescribably rich effect to the whole scene.

THE STATE BALL

On the next evening a magnificent ball was given, at which the costumes of the ladies are said to have rivalled the splendour of the historic assemblage of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. "The toilettes of the ladies," writes one of the correspondents, "were in many cases absolutely gorgeous... white satin and deep black furs, narrow brocade over cloth of silver, embroidered in Byzantine patterns of every hue, pale grey moiré, trimmed with rare lace, furs of every rarity, but above all *parures* of jewels eclipsing every Court in Europe or Asia. I never imagined there were so many large emeralds above ground, while diamonds in tiaras, *rivieres*, collars, and monograms, at last seemed numberless." The Czar and Empress with their princely suite made the round of their guests, and then followed a stately polonaise—the orthodox dance of both the Berlin and St. Petersburg Courts, and which, by its frequent interchange of partners, does much to solve the always vexed problem of precedence.

MOSCOW ILLUMINATED

THE Russians have ever been great at illuminations, and even in olden days, when tallow candles formed the chief medium, were wont to produce striking effects. What with oil, gas, and, above all, the electric light, however, Moscow last week furnished what may be considered as the most magnificent sight of the kind ever witnessed, the myriads of towers, gilded domes and spires, battlements, houses, bridges, and public buildings being ablaze with every species of lamp, and their outlines defined in various colours. A stranger arriving might have thought that Moscow was being burnt for a second time, so great was the glare. One of our illustrations depicts the preparations for illuminating a house in the old and still favourite fashion of coloured glass lamps, but the greatest triumph of all was the lighting of the Kremlin, where for months previously experiments with electric lamps of all powers, from the tiny Swan globe to the huge arc light of 40,000-candle power, had been made with most satisfactory results.

LUGGAGE ARRIVING AT THE KREMLIN

ANOTHER of our illustrations shows the arrival of some cartloads of luggage at the Kremlin. Some idea of the enormous amount which was transported from St. Petersburg may be gathered from the fact that the plate and linen alone required several hundreds of chests, and was valued at over two millions sterling.

Our illustrations are from sketches by our Special Artists, Mr. Frederick Villiers, and Mr. John Beer of St. Petersburg.



MR. GLADSTONE graced with his presence last Saturday an interesting ceremony at Stafford House, where a tablet, commemorating Garibaldi's visit in 1864, was unveiled, on the first anniversary of the hero's death, in the presence of a select party of friends of Italy. The tablet, a medallion portrait in white marble, with an inscription in Italian, is the gift of the Italians resident in London to the Duke of Sutherland, and was wrought by one of their number, Signor Fabruci. The Premier, in his brief address, spoke warmly of his fifty years' love for Italy, and told with much animation how Garibaldi had described to him, at a party given in 1864 by Sir Antonio Panizzi, his boyish horror of war and standing armies. "Three names," he added, "Garibaldi, Victor Emanuel, Cavour, form for Italians a tricolour as brilliant as the flag which now waves over United Italy."

MR. BRADLAUGH has been delivering another mysterious speech at the Hall of Science to delegates from working men's clubs and Radical associations. He will hold a mass meeting on July 26th in St. James's Hall, with Mr. Labouchere in the chair; and another in Trafalgar Square on Bank Holiday, when the railways cannot well avoid running cheap trains. He further means to take his seat this Session unless an unforeseen dissolution should intervene, but will tell no man when he hopes to carry out his purpose. This week he addressed a large audience at Carlisle, the proceedings concluding with a resolution that his exclusion from the House "is a treasonable breach of the Constitution." Ample precautions have been taken by the police to prevent anything in the nature of a surprise.—Mr. McCoan, M.P., has definitely seceded from the Parnellites, and will sit henceforth on the Liberal Benches with the more moderate Home Rulers. In a letter to the *Freeman's Journal* he declares that "the aims and methods of the four or five gentlemen who notoriously force the hand of Mr. Parnell have long ago developed beyond the policy of honest land reform and federal Home Rule, to which he subscribed at the last General Election."—Mr. Bass, for thirty-five years member for Derby, has announced his intention of applying for the Chiltern Hundreds on the score of his great age (eighty-four). The Council of the Derby Liberal Club have selected Alderman Roe to represent the party in his stead. The Speaker's warrant for the election of a new member for County Wexford was received on Tuesday. No opposition is expected to the Parnellite candidate, Mr. Small, of Newry.—Mr. Leonard Courtney is understood to have declined the offer of the succession to Major Baring as Finance Minister in India, which may now be offered to Mr. J. Cracroft Hope; and Lord Rosebery has resigned the Under-Secretaryship to the Home Office, in deference to the opinion recently expressed in the Commons that the office should be held by a member of the Lower House. Mr. Hibbert succeeds his lordship at the Home Office, but not in the charge of Scottish affairs, for which a special department will probably be formed, under a Minister appointed from among the Scotch M.P.'s.—The Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath has been bestowed upon Lord Dufferin in recognition of his diplomatic services.—Sir Spencer St. John, at present Minister Resident at Lima, goes to Mexico as Envoy, to renew our diplomatic relations with that country; and Sir E. Malet is said to have accepted the post of British Minister at Brussels, though he will not take up the appointment until Major Baring relieves him at Cairo.

T. CAFFEY, the fourth of the Phoenix Park assassins, was hanged on Saturday within the gaol. He died with firmness, believing that his death would be sufficient expiation for his offence. His having been one of those who lay in wait eight hours on one occasion for Mr. Forster is thought to have determined the Executive not to commute the death sentence. A telegram sent on his behalf to Mr. Gladstone received no answer.—The inquiry into the case of the seven prisoners at Castlebar charged with conspiracy to murder a number of persons—among others a police-inspector, who was to be tempted to open a box containing an infernal machine by the information that some revolvers were hidden inside—drags slowly on through a series of adjournments. Of the eleven brought before the magistrates at Galway as members of the Letterfrack Murder League, three have been committed on the capital charge, six for conspiracy, and two have been discharged.—Another secret society is said to have been unearthed at Carrick-on-Suir, just in time to prevent an organised attack on the caretakers of a farm lately held by an evicted tenant of Lord Ormonde's, and another again at Parsonstown, where Constable Browne was shot in August last.—The approvers Hanlon and Kavanagh have left Kilmaham for the unknown destinations assigned to them by the Government. James Carey still objects to leave the country, and has even written, it is said, to Chief Justice Morris declaring that he still claims his seat on the Town Council, and hopes to attend the next hearing of the petition against the validity of Dr. Wade's election in his room.—Mr. Field and his assistant, Quinn, continue to receive a number of threatening letters, and the shop in Westmoreland Street is now watched by two policemen. James Walsh, a printer, was sentenced, last week, to two months' imprisonment for breaking a fan-light on the premises.—The Land Corporation have now taken in hand Lord Cloncurry's farms at Murroe, co. Limerick, and also a Boycotted farm near Mallow. Efficient care-takers and armed police will keep guard over either property.—The Mayor of Limerick has invited Lord and Lady Spencer to visit that town on the opening day of the Royal Agricultural Show, and promised both a hearty welcome; and the Committee of the Cork Exhibition have passed a vote of thanks, acknowledging a donation of 100 guineas from his Excellency.—Mr. Parnell has appeared in the new light of a would-be contractor for paving-stones to the Corporation

of Dublin, and his tender has been submitted for consideration to Mr. MacEvoy, the great financial adviser of that body. The promoters of the Parnell Fund will now be content if they can raise 30,000*l.*, one-half in Ireland, the other half in America.—Archbishop Croke—"the unchanged and unchangeable," to quote from the banners—was warmly welcomed last Sunday at Tipperary; but the zeal of his supporters is not apparently altogether to his taste, and a subsequent attempt to renew the demonstration at Emly was abandoned at his own urgent demand.—Messrs. Davitt, Healy, and Quinn were released on Monday, when four months of their six months' sentence had expired. They acknowledge that they were well treated in prison, and seem little the worse, Mr. Davitt least of all, for their confinement. The latter will make a lecturing tour in America. Mr. Healy reappeared on Wednesday last at Westminster.

THE HYGIENIC EXHIBITION at Humphrey's Hall, Knightsbridge, was opened by the Lord Mayor last Saturday. Improved dresses for both sexes, notably the tasteful Harberton costume for ladies who wear "the divided skirt," foods and cooking, sanitary wall-papers, sick-room appliances, &c., were all well represented. Already, according to Mr. Ernest Hart, the Chairman of the Committee, the spread of sanitary science in this country has resulted in an average "gain to life" of two years, and a "saving of life" amounting to 48,000 yearly.

SIR J. LUBBOCK, M.P., took the chair at a meeting held in St. James's Hall on Tuesday, "to consider the present position of the question of the reform of London Government." Mr. Firth's resolution, expressing "extreme regret" at the abandonment for this Session of the Government Bill, was thought too mild, and an amendment carried, substituting "indignation" for "regret," and demanding that Mr. Gladstone be requested to receive a deputation on the subject. A counter amendment, declaring that "chaos and confusion would arise if the whole of London were under one authority," had only some twenty hands held up in its favour.

AT A CONFERENCE last week of the Highland Land Law Reform Association "the unjust laws" which enable landlords to depopulate whole districts for sporting and other purposes were hotly denounced by Professor Blackie, and a resolution carried that no change in the land laws would give satisfaction "which did not provide for Highlanders a durable footing on the soil of their native land." Meanwhile at Stromesferry, the western terminus of the Highland Railway, an attempt to despatch a special train with fish on Saturday night to catch the limited mail at Inverness was resisted by a fanatical crowd, who completely got the upper hand of the railway officials, and did not disperse until a late hour on "the Sabbath." The loss of property will be considerable.

RESOLUTIONS approving Mr. Burt's amendment to the Employers' Liability Act, and demanding that colliery managers should be held responsible for accidents, and that over-men, deputies, &c., should pass examinations before appointment, and protesting against the attempts made in Lancashire to compel men to contract themselves out of the Act, were unanimously carried at the Miners' Conference at Manchester. "Restriction of out-put" has been abandoned as impracticable, even by its chief supporters, the South Yorkshire miners.

AN ADDRESS OF CONGRATULATION to Mr. Bright on his visit next week to Birmingham was voted on Tuesday last at a meeting of the Town Council by an overwhelming majority. Over 150 associations have announced their intention of sending representatives and presenting addresses, and most of the principal firms will close their works to make the first day of "the Bright Week" a general holiday. A supposed American Fenian, George Smythe, who had caused some alarm on Monday by swearing that he would "make mischief" at the celebration, and brandishing a loaded revolver in the yard of a public-house, was discharged next day on payment of 20*s.*, his offence being considered nothing worse than a drunken freak.

FIRES AND ACCIDENTS have this week been numerous, though in no instance of very signal importance. Among the former the most conspicuous have been a fire in a jute warehouse at Orchard Wharf, Blackwall, where three of the brigade were badly hurt; another at Chatham, where fourteen houses in one of the smaller streets were burnt down, a number of household pets perishing in the flames; a third at Peckham, causing the destruction of the workshops and dwelling house of the large printing firm of W. Griggs and Co., and of the entire edition of a costly work about to be brought out by Sir G. Birdwood on the "Taj at Agra;" others at Swansea, Bury, and Northampton.—At Kilkee, in Clare, a watering place of ill repute for similar accidents, a Miss Pearson of Manchester threw herself from giddiness over the cliffs in the presence of her father and her fiancé at a place where rescue was beyond human power; and near Eastbourne an inmate of the Convalescent Home has been killed by slipping over the edge of the Holywell chalk-cuttings.

THE NEW BRANCH LINE extending the London, Chatham, and Dover system to Sheerness was opened on the 1st, the day which also witnessed the inauguration of the alternative route from Norwich to Yarmouth on the Great Eastern. On Saturday, at Brighton, the first sod was turned of the short line which is to take excursionists by many windings from the West Brighton station to the heights of the Devil's Dyke.

CANADA this year will put in an appearance at Shoeburyness as well as Wimbledon. The detachment of Volunteer Artillerymen will be under the command of a French Canadian, Lieutenant Oumcet.

THE DEATHS for 1882 in the Metropolitan District, caused or accelerated by want of food, amounted, according to a recently published return, to 58.—The experiments performed on living animals, under licence, to 406. Of 42 persons holding licences, 16 performed no experiments.



WITH that sudden and complete change which from time to time varies the course of procedure in the House of Commons, public business, lately the object of general lamentation, is now in an exceedingly prosperous state, and renders improbable the report in a morning newspaper of an Autumn Session. When the other night Lord Randolph Churchill was attempting, against the ruling of the Chairman, once more to whip the dead horse of the Errington problem, he was met with some cries from the Ministerial side. Whereupon, turning to face the interrupters with the well-affected indignation of a habitually orderly person, he protested that "since the meeting at the Foreign Office the Liberals had been unusually disorderly." That was a flash of humour of the true Randolphian order, better understood in the House than out of it. It would certainly be truer to say that since the Liberal meeting the state of things in the House has entirely altered, and obstruction has disappeared. It is probable that this is merely a temporary lull. But such as it is, it is something to be grateful for, and even as far as it has gone must have an appreciable effect upon the length of the Session and the fortunes of the Ministerial programme.

The movement began on Tuesday night, the evening of the day of meeting alluded to by Lord Randolph. As recorded last week,

the English Agricultural Holdings Bill passed a second reading without division, in a single sitting. This was a conclusion so little hoped for by the most sanguine Minister that provision had been made for the continuance of the debate on Thursday, and the Corrupt Practices Bill was postponed till Monday. Thursday, being otherwise unappropriated, was taken for Supply, when there was witnessed a scene such as the House has long been unfamiliar with. Clusters of votes, half-a-dozen at a time, were taken in succession, as rapidly as the Chairman could recite them, and before the sitting closed a total of nineteen votes, of the aggregate of 1,300,000, were agreed to. Not the least remarkable and even bewildering circumstance in connection with this phenomenon was that several of these votes related to Ireland—some to the office of the Lord Lieutenant. It is certainly eight years since these votes have been passed without a wrangle that has occupied several hours, and the platform from which all kinds of odious charges and insinuations have been launched. Amongst the many and growing evidences of the return of peace and prosperity to Ireland this event of Thursday night may be cited as the most striking.

But the good fortune of the Government did not cease with the granting of nineteen several votes. In addition they asked for a vote on account of 2,300,000. A vote on account is the greatest grace and fullest mark of confidence that the House can bestow upon Ministers. It means that without inquiry, and waiving the privilege of recent debates on various votes, it will consent to a lump sum being paid, postponing criticism and inquiry till a more convenient season. It is well-known that in doing this the House parts with a substantial measure of its privileges. Some time or other every individual vote in the Estimates will be submitted, but as the season advances and the sun grows hotter inquiry droops. Ministers are in a position to plead exigency of time. Supply must be got in so many days, and, in short, in the later days of the Session, postponed votes are hurried through amid signs of impatience from all sides. With this money in hand the Government are independent of the prime and pressing necessity of putting up Supply with its concurrent discussion of alleged "grievances," and can with a light heart go forward to its other business. Such is the happy case just now. There is money in hand for five weeks, and during that time Bills may be pressed forward in all the available Government time. Five weeks hence we shall be well into July, the end of the Session will be in sight, and Supply, peremptorily demanded, will bedrowsily yielded.

But Supply is not the only advantage gained by Government within the past ten days. They have got the Corrupt Practices Bill read a second time at a single sitting, as they got the English Agricultural Holdings Bill. On Tuesday they obtained a similar critical stage for the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill, an achievement which marks a double victory. Tuesday is a private members' day; but already in this first week of June the House of Commons has given up its opportunities. Tuesday and Friday morning sittings are in full swing. Tuesday was a day which, in the ordinary course of events, the Government had no right to look for making progress with their business. Yet they got an important Bill read a second time, and but for the watchful jealousy of Mr. Beresford Hope might have run through the second reading of the Ballot Bill. As noted a fortnight ago, the way for the seizure of private members' nights has been cleverly cleared. A long succession of counts-out on Tuesday, with occasional lapses on a Friday, have made it impossible for private members to oppose the suggestion that the time they thus declined to use should be devoted to the public service. So complete was the situation that morning sittings, usually desperately fought around, were yielded without a struggle, and the Government now have the whole of two nights and a considerable portion of other two days in the week. It was expected that the Government would take Tuesday's sitting bodily, in addition to Friday mornings. If they had asked for this it would not have been refused, and doubtless the moderation they have displayed will presently claim its due reward in the total appropriation of Tuesdays. What happened on Tuesday last, and what is likely to happen through successive Tuesdays, would prove an irresistible argument. With the Session crowded as the present one is there is no useful purpose served by private members bringing forward their Bills or their resolutions. In a practical assembly like the House of Commons this fact is recognised by members who have spent several hours in the Grand Committee, and given up their time in the House till seven o'clock, declining to be in their places again punctually at nine, in order to save the House being counted out by Mr. Warton or Mr. Biggar.

Whilst thus making real progress with business, time has been found for one of those "scenes" which make the House of Commons the most popular place of entertainment in the metropolis. Mr. O'Kelly, who should have been scheduled with the Explosives Bill, "went off" again upon coming in contact with Mr. McCoan. The member for Wicklow, in addressing his constituents, had used some language with respect to Mr. O'Kelly's procedure on the evening when he was expelled which could scarcely be taken exception to on the ground of severity. Mr. O'Kelly had interrupted Mr. Forster with the exclamation, shouted at the top of his voice, "You lie! you lie! you lie!" Mr. McCoan, whilst admitting this was due to "a generous impulse," had hinted that it was not quite gentlemanly. Whereupon Mr. O'Kelly telegraphed to Mr. O'Brien to demand apology or satisfaction. Mr. McCoan refusing both, was formally challenged by Mr. O'Kelly, and brought the subject under the notice of the House. It would have been best dealt with by the laughter that interrupted his solemn recital of the narrative. But the House of Commons is bound by precedents, and having to take notice of the incident Mr. O'Kelly was ordered to be in his place on Friday night, and there, in words and manner studiously contemptuous of Mr. McCoan and insolent to the House, promised he would not shoot the Member for Wicklow. With which assurance the House was fain to be satisfied, and the incident closed.

PROVINCIAL PICTURE GALLERIES OR MUSEUMS wishing to obtain loans from the National Gallery should apply during the present month to the Trustees, who have announced that they are now ready to consider such applications from provincial institutions under municipal or other approved local authority, according to the terms of the recently passed National Gallery Loan Act.

"TIGER SHOOTING IN THE TERAI, FEB., 1876."—In our series of articles on the pictures now being exhibited at the Royal Academy we accidentally omitted to mention Mr. Herbert Johnson's picture (No. 842), bearing the above title. Mr. Johnson was one of our special correspondents during the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, and the scene here depicted is from his eye-witness. The moment represented is when the Prince of Wales, seated on his elephant, is giving the *coup de grâce* to the tiger. The Terai, as is well known, is a jungle tract of country lying at the foot of the Himalayan range, which is seen rising in the distance. The picture is bright and full of animation; it affords a vivid and truthful representation of a very interesting incident, and it possesses the further attraction of introducing excellent portraits of a number of distinguished personages, among whom, besides H.R.H., are His Highness Jung Bahadur, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Lord Suffolk, Carington, and Charles Beresford.



MADAME JUDIC, the recognised Parisian queen of vaudeville and of farcical comedy,—"mêlée de chant," as Frenchmen say—has returned to London, and, with a liberal selection of her comrades of the Théâtre des Variétés, has become the leading spirit of the opening performances of the summer season of French plays at the Gaiety Theatre. *Lili*, the new piece by MM. Hennequin, Millaud, and Blum, performed here on Monday evening, with its songs and concerted pieces by Hervé, is little more than a framework for the display of the talents of this clever lady and unflinching delight of Parisian audiences. The paramount object is to give her abundance of saucy songs to sing and interpret with all those little arts which she has so freely at command, while the three acts into which the action is divided are so constructed as to allow of her appearing as a girl of eighteen, a married lady of six-and-twenty, and finally as a stately dame, fascinating still, though her hair is white with the snows of sixty winters. So far the authors and composers have been successful; though at the price, it must be confessed, of some sacrifice of delicacy, some of the incidents and allusions being of a kind to which the eyes and ears of English audiences are happily not much accustomed. The performance in general is too farcical and extravagant to justify the description of the piece as a "comedy." Even such excellent actors as Dupuis and Lassouche are content to provoke laughter by devices that hardly rise above the level of buffoonery. From this censure, however, we must except the fine performance in the last act of Dupuis in the part of an old French general, who, in a half-humorous, half-touching vein, is fain to recall to an old lady a love affair of their youth. A still more emphatic exception must be made in favour of M. George's performance of the part of an antiquated beau, who from act to act is seen to grow older in years and younger in manner, till at last, as his niece complains, *il déshonore les centénaires* by his inveterate propensity to frivolous amusements. This part, if we mistake not, was originally played by Baron. *Niniche*, which is on the whole a better piece than *Lili*, has since given employment to the talents of the company.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's new version of Scribe's comedy *Le Verre d'Eau*, entitled *The Queen's Favourite*, produced at the OLYMPIC Theatre on Saturday evening, serves what may be presumed to be its primary object in furnishing Miss Genevieve Ward with a character which happens to be, or rather, we should say, is capable of being brought, within the range of this lady's somewhat narrow line of characters. Her Duchess of Marlborough certainly lacks the sprightliness, and, if we may touch on so delicate a subject, falls short of the personal charm of the famous Sarah Jennings; but it brings into relief, though in a somewhat melodramatic fashion, her imperious will and impatience of a rival. Mr. Vernon's Bolingbroke will not take rank among the best efforts of that excellent actor. Altogether Mr. Grundy has performed his task judiciously; but the ingenious intrigue awakened only a languid interest, and there seems reason to fear that *The Queen's Favourite* is not destined to any more permanent vitality than the several other versions of the same piece, which have long slept undisturbed upon the shelves of Mr. French, the dramatic publisher.

The long run of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the LYCEUM Theatre has at length been interrupted, not from any serious decline in the popularity of this splendid revival, but in pursuance of Mr. Irving's long-declared intention of reviving the principal plays in which he has appeared, with a view presumptively to freshen his own impressions, and to prepare both himself and his company to represent these pieces in the United States. *The Lyons Mail* was the play chosen on Saturday evening—a melodrama in which Mr. Irving's picturesque and powerful acting in the "doubled" parts of Dubosc, the highwayman, and Lesurques, the innocent victim of a fatal resemblance to this reckless scoundrel, cannot have been forgotten by any one who has witnessed it. Miss Ellen Terry is content, on this occasion, to assume the comparatively unimportant character of Jeannette, which she plays very charmingly—too charmingly, indeed, for the conception of the associate of the murderer and ruffian whom Mr. Irving depicts with so many sombre touches. With the further aid of Mr. Terriss as Courriel, Mr. Fernandez as Choppard, and Mr. Mead as the elder Lesurques, the cast is decidedly a powerful one; and it may safely be predicted that the representation by such a company will produce on the other side of the Atlantic a very favourable impression.

More than ordinary interest is felt in the performances appointed to take place at the LYCEUM Theatre on Thursday afternoon next for the benefit of the Royal College of Music, when Mr. Irving will play the part of Robert Macaire in association with Mr. Toole as Jacques Strop. Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Ada Cavendish, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Howe, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Thorne, and Mr. Archer will also take part in the representation. The melodrama will be followed by a scene from *Money*, arranged by Mrs. Bancroft, and a selection from *Iolanthe*.

ROYAL COMEDY THEATRE.—*Rip Van Winkle* reached its 200th representation on the 2nd instant. A house crowded by a highly appreciative audience gave distinct evidence that the long run of the piece has not decreased its popularity.

THE FOLIES DRAMATIQUES, which made an unfortunate venture with *Prince Methusalem*, has now reopened with a more promising comic opera, *Estrella*. It is by Messrs. W. Parke and Luscombe Searelle, and first saw the light at a Gaiety *matinée*. The period of the piece is the picturesque epoch of the Venetian Republic, and the chief parts are taken by such capable performers as Miss Constance Loseby, Mr. Aynsley Cook, and Mr. W. S. Rising.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's new drama, which bears the title of *Rank and Riches*, is to be produced this evening at the ADELPHI, which theatre has passed for a time into the hands of Mr. Edgar Bruce.

On Saturday afternoon next Mr. Sims Reeves will appear as Tom Tug in *The Waterman* at TOOLE'S Theatre, in accordance with a long-standing promise.

The STRAND Theatre, which has remained closed since the termination of Mr. J. S. Clarke's engagement on Saturday last, reopens this evening with a new burlesque of *The Silver King*, entitled *Silver Guilt*, preceded by Mr. Rose's version of *Pete Kersa*.

Offenbach's *Barbe Bleue* will shortly be revived at the AVENUE Theatre—only for a brief period, however, the company being under engagement for a long round of provincial engagements.

Mr. Wilson Barrett will take the chair at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, which will take place at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 27th inst.

Transatlantic wit plentifully supplies the Old Country with jokes nowadays, and Mr. Frank Lincoln gave an amusing illustration of American humour at the MARLBOROUGH ROOMS on Saturday. Mr. Lincoln is an ingenious mimic—witness his imitations of the French comic singer and of various musical instruments—while though his subjects themselves are far from novel, his dry, grave style is highly laughable. Vocal and instrumental selections were included in the entertainment—notably some clever violin playing by Miss Maud Powell, a young artist of decided promise, and Mrs. Kendal recited in her usual charming manner.



TUESDAY WAS THE CENTENARY OF BALLOONING, the first Montgolfier balloon, filled with heated air, having been launched on June 5th, 1783, at Annonay, from the paper mill of the inventor.

STRAWBERRY HILL.—We are requested by Messrs. Ventom, Bull, and Cooper, of 35, Old Jewry, to state that the sale takes place on June 15th, not July 15th, as erroneously stated in our last week's number.

THE INNER TEMPLE GARDENS are now open to the public every evening between 6 and 9 P.M.—a great boon to the poorer classes of the neighbouring crowded districts. The privilege will extend until the end of August.

THE NATIONAL FÊTE in Paris on July 14th will be chiefly notable for splendid nautical festivities on the Seine, which are to be organised after the olden style. Most of the official rejoicings will take place at the Trocadéro.

GHOSTS are not generally considered desirable neighbours, yet an American paper lately contained the following advertisement:—"Wanted, a haunted house in or near New York City. Address, with full particulars, Bonâ Fide."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S HOUSE AT CONCORD, "The Wayside," is to be sold. Here Hawthorne wrote many of his novels, and here he died. The house was built before the Revolution, and, though considerably altered by its owner when he bought it in 1852, still retains a very ancient and picturesque aspect.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S CELEBRATED DOG, "Tiras," is in bad health, and the Prince has been obliged to part temporarily with his devoted companion, and send him to the Berlin Veterinary School, where the officials find it difficult to keep the big hound against his will. "Tiras" is too precious a patient to be treated in the common ward, and has a special apartment, under one of the official's constant care.

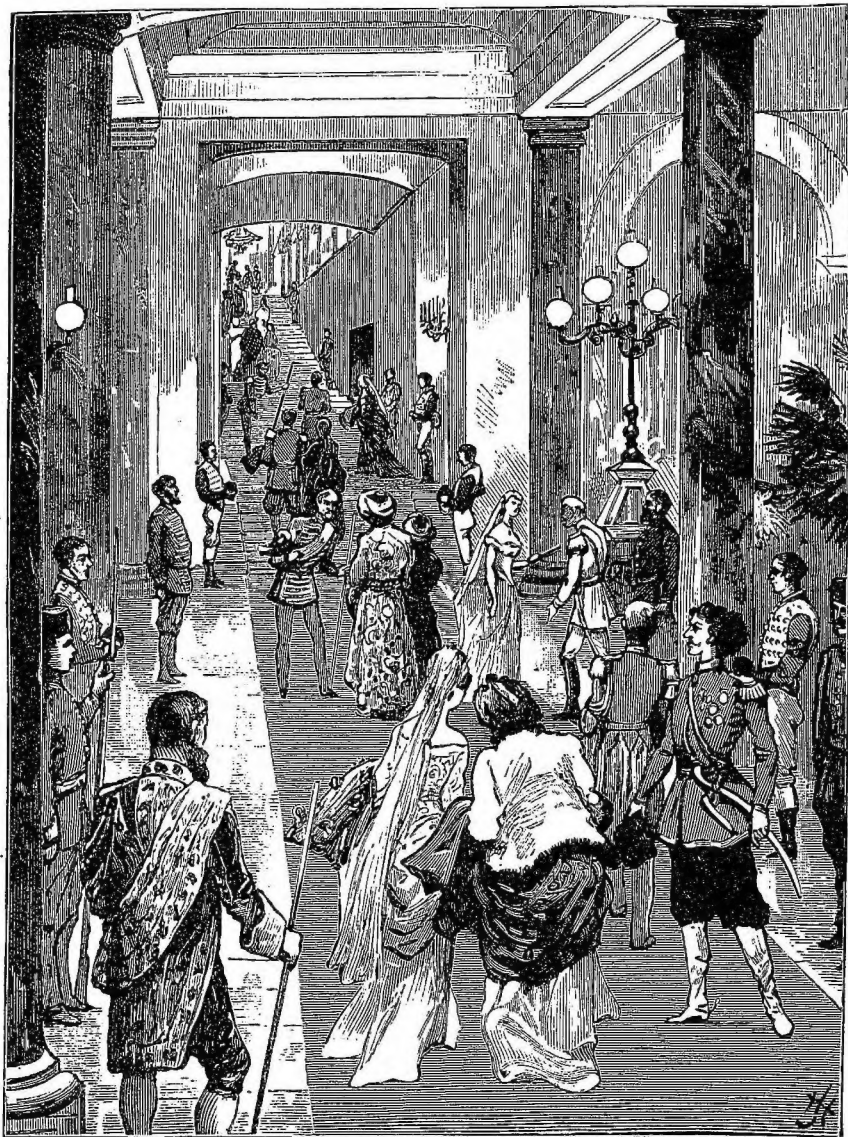
THE BETHNAL GREEN FREE LIBRARY appeals to the public for funds to meet the extra expenses of providing accommodation for a large number of recent donations, the collection in the library now numbering some 17,000 publications, all gifts. As the library is entirely supported by voluntary contributions, and is the only institution of its kind in the East End, with its population of 1,500,000, the cause is eminently deserving of help. Donations will be received by the treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, 54, Lombard Street; or by the librarian, Mr. G. F. Hilcken, at the library, London Street, Bethnal Green, E.C.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY AT GREENWICH during the year ended in May gave up its usual lunar observations, so as to pay extra attention to Saturn's satellites and to the double stars. By a new arrangement, the stars can now be watched as reflected in mercury to a distance of 71½ deg. from the zenith, instead of only 40 deg., according to the old method. Photographs of the sun were taken on 200 days at Greenwich, so that, combined with the series taken in India, only twenty-three days passed without some record of the sun's condition. Spots were visible on the sun's disc on every day except seven of the 200 days observed in England, and these increased in size and number up to the time of the great spot seen in November, since when the sun has been more quiescent. The automatic time-ball works well, and the Westminster clock has kept such accurate time that the error was less than 1 sec. on 241 days, and never once exceeded 4 secs.

FANCIFUL ENTERTAINMENTS have been greatly favoured by Parisian society this season, and the two most successful of late have been a "May Fête, or Red Fancy Ball," and a Japanese fête. The former was got up strictly in the style of the eighteenth century, with appropriate rustic decorations. The guests formed a "pastoral" procession to the dining-room, where dinner was laid on a series of tables for two only, each table being decorated with the special flower emblematic of each lady guest. A Maypole was erected in the centre of the room, and rustic dances were carried on during the meal to the music of an orchestra hidden in a floral bower. The ladies adopted picturesque costumes, and the gentlemen wore either red coats or Venetian mantles trimmed with red. The Japanese fête was given by the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia for a charitable object, and the house was fitted up in Eastern style with remarkable fidelity. One suite of rooms represented scenes of Japanese life, the actors being wax figures, and at the end was a miniature pagoda, while twelve Japanese maidens dispensed tea in a proper tea-house. Japanese plays and songs were also given by various artists in proper costume.

LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,405 deaths were registered, against 1,518 during the previous seven days, a decline of 113, being 69 below the average, and at the rate of 18½ per 1,000. There were 2 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 1, but 21 below the average), 67 from measles (a fall of 10, but exceeding the average by 16), 24 from scarlet fever (a decline of 12), 17 from diphtheria (a rise of 3), 32 from whooping-cough (an increase of 5), 1 from typhus fever, 10 from enteric fever (a decline of 2, and 2 below the average), 3 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, and 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 6). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 246 (a decline of 37, and 21 below the average), of which 117 resulted from bronchitis and 84 from pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 83 deaths, 61 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 24 from fractures, 6 from burns and scalds, 15 from drowning, and 12 of infants under one year from suffocation; 18 cases of suicide were registered, the corrected weekly average being 6. There were 2,622 births registered, against 2,692 the previous week, exceeding the average by 68. The mean temperature of the air was 58.1 deg., and 1.1 deg. above the average.

THREE FRESH ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS will be sent out this summer by the Danish merchant, M. Sibiriakoff, who has already done so much towards the establishment of traffic with Siberia, via the Obi and the Yenesei. Thus the vessel *Nordenskjöld* will again endeavour to reach Yeneseisk by ascending the river, and will be followed by two more vessels despatched from Gothenburg. One of these will try to establish warehouses at Yeneseisk, or some other suitable harbour, while the other will search for the missing Danish Expedition in the *Djinnpha*, which started last year, and is supposed to have been icebound during the winter in the Kara Sea. Turning from Polar to Tropical research, the German traveller, Dr. Junker, who has been exploring the land of the Nyam-Nyams and Monbuttu, has penetrated as far as the River Nepoko, which he considers identical with Mr. Stanley's Aruwimi, one of the most important northern tributaries of the Congo. Meanwhile, the De Brazza Expedition to the Congo meets with much covert opposition from the Portuguese, who have agreed to supply no food whatever to the French, obliging the latter to exist on bacon, beans, and bread. When the French reconnoitred to the Congo they found that the Portuguese had seized the river, and were going to establish a Custom House, while three Portuguese vessels are hanging about the coast closely watching the intruders. Nevertheless, the French have hoisted their flag 150 miles south of Goree, and have established a port both at Loango and at Ponto Negro, fourteen miles off, where the Portuguese inhabitants, who are rich and flourishing, show considerable hostility.



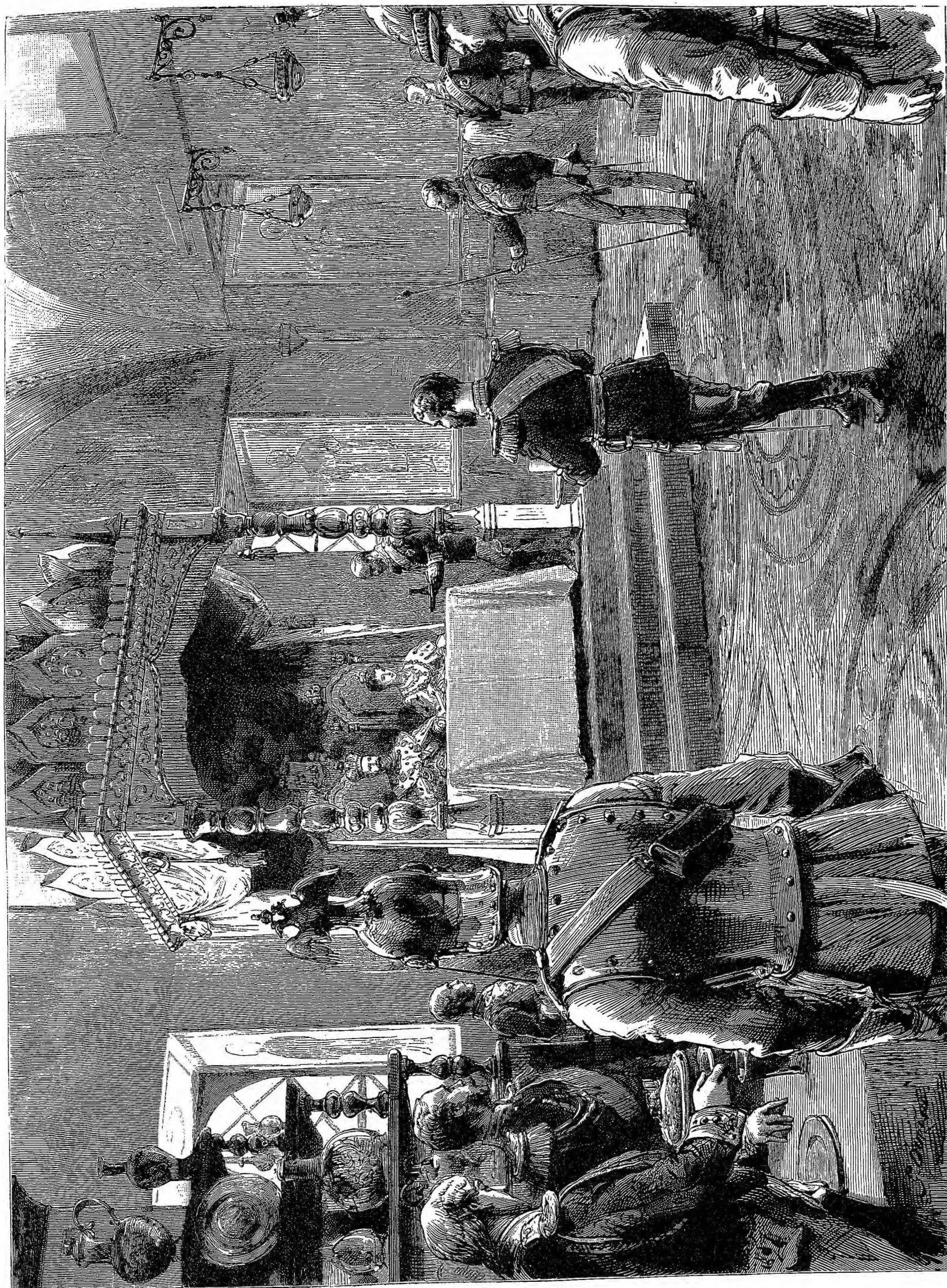
THE IMPERIAL BALL IN THE KREMLIN—GUESTS PASSING UP THE GRAND STAIRCASE



THE STATE ENTRY INTO MOSCOW—THE CZAR AT THE HOLY GATE OF THE KREMLIN



PREPARING FOR THE ILLUMINATIONS
THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS



THE CORONATION OF THE C'ZAR OF RUSSIA — THE C'ZAR AND C'ZARINA DINING IN STATE IN THE GRANOVITAJA PALATA, THE KREMLIN
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS



THE Coronation festivities in RUSSIA have passed off in Moscow without any untoward incident. There was a Nobles' Ball, and a Reception and Ball at the German Embassy last week, at which the Czar was present, and on Saturday the much-talked-of popular *fête* took place. On a huge plain, the Khodinsky Common, in front of the Petrofky Palace, innumerable booths had been erected, from which were distributed, on presentation of a ticket to be obtained gratis at the entrance to the enclosure, baskets containing a meat pie, a tart, a bag of sweets, and an earthenware mug stamped with the Imperial arms and the date 1883. This last could be filled from long lines of casks on railway trucks, which were constantly renewed. Besides food for the inner man, amusements galore had been provided for the *monijiks*. There were four open-air theatres devoted to drama, military pantomime, fairy extravaganza, and harlequinade, a monster hippodrome, and a host of minor entertainments, all of which were apparently hugely enjoyed by nearly a million of the Czar's poorer subjects, who had come from many miles round to enjoy the *panem et circenses* so liberally offered them by their Sovereign. The Czar and Empress and all the Imperial Family came upon the ground in the afternoon, and took their places upon a large tribune, being received with the most intense enthusiasm. After witnessing a grand emblematical procession designed to represent Spring, the Czar and Czarina attended a dinner given to deputations from the rural communes and representatives from the peasantry. To these he spoke a few words, which at the present time are of considerable importance. Alluding to the rumours that he was meditating a repatriation of the land, he denounced them as false and wicked, and firmly declared his determination to uphold the rights of property in all their integrity. There would be no further partition of land, and the deputies were told to inform their fellow-villagers of this when they returned.

On Sunday there was a parade of Circassians and Cossacks, who exhibited those marvellous feats of horsemanship for which they are so renowned. On Monday the two hundredth anniversary of the formation of the Preobrajensky Guards by Peter the Great—then a boy of eleven—was celebrated by a distribution of new banners, a review, and a grand banquet to the soldiers, twelve thousand of whom sat down at tables in the open air. The Czar, for whom a pavilion had been erected, gave the signal for the banquet to begin by drinking off a glass of the national *vodka*, giving as a toast "To the Glory and Success of the Russian Guard and Army." He, of course, wore the uniform of the regiment, while the Empress was dressed in the regimantal colours, white, red, and gold. In the evening there was a magnificent ball at the Kremlin, at which the Empress pointedly danced with Prince Obolensky, the Commander of the Preobrajensky Guards. On Tuesday night the Emperor gave a grand banquet to the members of the Diplomatic Body and their wives. On Thursday the consecration of the Church of St. Saviour was to take place. Yesterday (Friday) there was to be a gala dinner to the Governor-General of Moscow and the Marshals of Nobility; to-day the festivities were to be brought to a close by a grand review; after which the Czar and Empress would proceed to Peterhoff, where they will stay until their entry into St. Petersburg.

This final item of the Coronation programme is seemingly likely to be delayed for some time, owing to the disturbances at St. Petersburg during the illuminations. It appears that on the evening of the Coronation an immense mob of intoxicated workmen from the factories outside the gates suddenly rushed into the Newsky and the principal streets yelling, and frightening the peaceable sightseers, terrifying horses, and overturning private carriages. Next day the disturbances were renewed, though on a smaller scale, so that on the third day the police forbade all further illuminations, some giving out that all festivities were to be suspended owing to the death of the German Emperor. The Nihilists, of course, are supposed to be at the bottom of the affair, and indeed do not deny the imputation, as they say that, owing to the spies and police having been transferred to Moscow they have been able to carry on an active propaganda in the capital. As to creating any disturbances at Moscow, that was never intended, for any such action on their part at the present time would be calculated to do their cause more harm than good. Indeed their great fear was lest some fanatical patriot should be so overcome by his feelings as to seize one of the many opportunities afforded to hurl a dynamite bomb at the Czar.

In FRANCE the Tonkin Expedition remains the all-absorbing topic. Further details of the disaster to Commander Rivière's little force show that that unfortunate officer fell into an ambush while returning to Hanoi from a sortie made in answer to a challenge sent by the chief of the Black Flags. Rivière himself was killed while trying to save some mountain cannon. The total French loss consists of five officers and thirty men (Commanders Rivière and Villers included), and forty-nine officers and men wounded. The enemy's loss is stated to have been 113. By the last advices the condition of Hanoi is declared "excellent," and communications are open with Haiphong, whence reinforcements were despatched on May 27th. Captain Bavens has also stated that he is able to repel any attack on Nam Dinh. Two more transports, the *Annamite* and the *Mytho*, have sailed from Toulon with reinforcements, and Admiral Courbet is to start immediately to take the supreme command. Indeed, the Government is exerting itself to the utmost to avenge the defeat and restore the *prestige* of French arms in the Far East. In the Senate on Saturday, while avowing his belief that the forces despatched would suffice, M. Challemeil Lacour declared that should occasion arise the Government would not hesitate to ask for further powers.

The Minister also gave some explanation as to the attitude of China. He stated that M. Bourée's negotiations of last year were undertaken with the belief that war between France and China was imminent. M. Bourée agreed to a Convention, in which China, while recognising the French Protectorate of Tonkin, required a formal disavowal of any French intentions of annexing Annam, or infringing the King of Annam's sovereign rights. These and some other stipulations the Home Government did not feel justified in ratifying; but despite the withdrawal of M. Bourée, his successor, M. Tricou, would show a conciliatory temper, and be ready to entertain any proposal consistent with French rights and interests. Moreover, there was no reason to assume that China was becoming unfriendly towards France; indeed, all official and unofficial information evinced that China had no idea of intervening in a matter in which she has no right or interest. This optimistic language was not borne out by the utterances of the Chinese Ambassador, the Marquis Tseng, who has been interviewed by the Havas agent at St. Petersburg. According to these M. Tricou's mission is simply of a provisional character; and, although relations with France are not yet broken off, a rupture will undoubtedly occur if France takes action in Tonquin without a previous understanding with China, inasmuch as Tonquin is a dependency of the Kingdom of Annam, over which China claims sovereign rights, which she believes to be incontestable. . . . It is possible that war may not break out should France pursue the programme which she has laid down, but such action would create a dangerous situation.

He declared, however, that the Chinese Government sincerely desired to maintain peace, and avowed its readiness to recognise the various treaties of France with Annam, provided its suzerainty over that kingdom be not ignored.

There is little from FRANCE proper, the only home Parliamentary item being the passing of the Magistracy Bill, by which the old system of magisterial irremovability is suspended for three months, and a reorganisation of the Courts and Tribunals ordained. The Grand Prix was run on Sunday, resulting in the victory of Frontin, ridden by Cannon, over St. Blaise, ridden by Archer. This gave rise to a most excited demonstration of enthusiasm, as the English Derby winner had been looked upon as sure of the race. Turning to Art circles, the Grand Prix du Salon has been awarded to M. Georges Rochegrosse, for his picture of Andromache. The chief topic of the week, however, has been the meeting of the Suez Canal shareholders and the report and address of M. de Lesseps. A vigorous denunciation of England and her perfidious proposals for a second Canal had been expected, but M. de Lesseps, after warmly praising his British colleagues, and thanking them for their co-operation, declared that complete accord existed between the Company and the British Government. Notwithstanding that large improvements were being made in the Canal the company must consider the creation of a second Canal, and negotiations between the Company and the British Government for further concessions of land for this purpose were going on most favourably. As to the reduction of the tariff, he had always considered the interests of the shipowners, but those of the shareholders should come first. When the dividends on the original shares should amount to 20 per cent. of the original capital the matter would receive due attention.

In EGYPT itself all is quiet, and the advent of Major Baring, next August, is looked forward to with confidence in political circles. The court of preliminary inquiry into the accusation against Suleiman Sami for burning Alexandria was expected to pronounce judgment on Thursday. There is no news from the Soudan, save that the rumour that Hicks Pasha had complained of the insubordination of the troops of the expeditionary force are officially denied. There has been no further fighting, but it is stated that the Mahdi has levied 400,000*l.* upon the merchants in Kordofan. The *Daily News* correspondent gives an interesting account of the engagement of April 29th, in which General Hicks's force defeated some 4,000 or 5,000 of the enemy, whose loss was estimated at 500. General Hicks lost only two killed and a few wounded, and his troops stood fire steadily.

Considerable interest has been roused in GERMANY by the appearance in the Diet of Prince Bismarck's long-looked-for Bill, abolishing the harsher provisions of the Falk Laws. There are six provisions, which enact that clerical appointments need no longer be notified by the Bishops to the Government, which, moreover, will have no right to object to the transfer of those incumbents who can be unconditionally recalled by their superiors. This clause, however, does not apply to parish priests with administrative powers. The Government shall be entitled to oppose any candidate who appears to be unfit for office on account of his civil or political position, or if his education has not been completed according to law. The reason of any objection, however, must be given, and the Church authorities are permitted to appeal to the Public Worship Minister, who represents the supreme authority, the Ecclesiastical Court of Appeal being no longer made the highest tribunal in such matters. Another clause allows missionary priests to administer the Holy Sacrament in all vacant parishes, as well as in those where the priests have been prohibited from conducting religious service by the May Laws; and finally, all legislation contrary to the above enactments is repealed. There is little other news. Prince Bismarck is still indisposed, and suffers great pain. One of his pet Socialist measures—the Bill for providing support for sick labourers—has at last been voted, by a majority of 217 against 99.

The anniversary of Garibaldi's death has been universally commemorated in ITALY. In Rome a bust of the great patriot was uncovered on the Capitol by the Syndic, and the Chamber of Deputies, having voted 40,000*l.* towards a national monument to be erected in the Janiculum, adjourned as a sign of mourning. Sunday was the national *fête* day, and Rome, turning from mourning into rejoicing, removed the crape from her flags, and illuminated her streets in the evening. King Humbert held the usual review in the Prætorian Camp. There has been considerable discussion with regard to the actual relation of Mr. Errington with the Vatican, and the *Gazetta d'Italia* insists upon the "officious" character of his mission, and points out eight significant facts in support of its statements. For instance, among other things, in Catholic families he is regarded as an accredited representative to the Pope, at the Vatican he is received on the days reserved for diplomats, he sends his reports through the British Embassy courier, he frequents the offices of the Vatican papers, and inspires their leaders on Irish questions, and, moreover, he had the circular to the Irish Bishops in his possession twelve days before its publication.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the agricultural labourers' discontent in SPAIN is meeting with scant sympathy from the Cabinet, which has decided to aid the farmers by protecting the imported Portuguese labourers, by lending troops, and, if necessary, providing reaping machines. The Socialists are being prosecuted with great rigour, and eight members of the Black Hand Society have been condemned to death.—In AUSTRIA the meeting of the Delegations has been fixed for October 20th.—In the UNITED STATES further accounts of the Brooklyn Bridge disaster show that twelve persons lost their lives, and that about forty were injured. The immigration returns for May show that 69,000 persons entered the States—19,000 less than in May, 1882.—In CANADA, on the contrary, the immigration appears to be on the increase, and some sixty to eighty thousand persons are expected to arrive in the North-West this year.—1,250 miles of the Pacific Railway are now open.—There has been a serious Fenian alarm on the Welland Canal. The Government had been informed of a plot to destroy this important channel, and placed sentries accordingly. A gang of suspicious-looking men arrived on May 30, but, finding they were watched, returned to the United States without attempting anything.—In INDIA it is said that a compromise with regard to Mr. Ilbert's Bill has been proposed—namely, that a native magistrate, when exercising jurisdiction over a European British subject, shall have a European colleague with him, and that a native sessions judge shall not be allowed to try such a case without a jury.—On the WEST COAST OF AFRICA serious news comes from Ashanti, where King Mensah has been dethroned, and King Kofi Kalkali restored.—There is little news from SOUTH AFRICA, and a species of armistice exists for the nonce in Basutoland.



THE QUEEN remains in the Highlands, where the length of the Royal visit depends entirely on the effect of the change of air on Her Majesty's health. Perfect quiet is being enjoyed by the Queen, who spends much of her time out of doors, driving in a pony-carriage, while the Princesses walk by the side. Her Majesty on Saturday

called on Mr. and Mrs. Campbell at the Manse; and on Sunday morning was present, with the Princesses Beatrice and Elizabeth, and Countess Feodore Gleichen, at Divine Service, performed at Balmoral Castle. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and in the evening dined with the Royal party. On Tuesday morning Lord Carlingford arrived as Minister in attendance.—The Queen has presented a silver cup to Captain Sir Alfred Balliston in remembrance of his services as commander, for thirty-four years, of the Royal yacht *Alberta*.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are entertaining a large party at Cowarth Park, Sunningdale, for Ascot. The Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen is still with them; but the Prince has gone back to Germany in consequence of the death of his grandmother, Princess Marianne of the Netherlands. Before leaving town, the Prince and Princess on Saturday night went with their sons to the Lyceum Theatre. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, with their family, and the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, attended Divine Service; and next day the Prince received Prince Swast, brother to the King of Siam, and his suite. Later the Royal party left for Cowarth Park, the three young Princesses of Wales going to the Cottage at Virginia Water; and on Tuesday the Prince and Princess and their guests attended the races in semi-State. They again went to the course in State on Thursday, and last (Friday) night were to give a dance. To-day (Saturday) they will witness the annual cricket match at the Spital Barracks, Windsor, between I Zingari and the officers of the Life Guards, and afterwards will give a picnic at Virginia Water. Returning to town on Monday, the Prince and Princess's arrangements for next week include a State Ball on Wednesday, and a Levée on Friday; while on Thursday they will be present at a special morning dramatic performance at the Lyceum on behalf of the Royal College of Music. The Prince will shortly inspect the troops at Aldershot, and will visit Crewe about July 2nd to open the "abattoirs." He will shortly join the Grand Lodge of Mark Masons.—Sunday was Prince George of Wales' eighteenth birthday. The young Prince joins his vessel, the *Canada*, at Spithead on her departure for the North American station next Thursday, and Captain Durrant, the commander of the *Canada*, has been appointed his governor.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have made a short trip to Belgium to accompany the Princess Henry of the Netherlands part of the way home. The King of the Belgians visited the Duke and Duchess at Ostend, and they crossed to Dover on Sunday by the ordinary mail-packet. On Monday they were present at the wedding of Lady Sarah Churchill, fifth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, with Viscount Curzon. Next week they go to Oxford for the Commemoration festivities, and will stay with Dean Liddell at Christ Church. The Duke will not take command of the Meerut division before November 1st.—Prince and Princess Christian are also entertaining visitors for Ascot at Cumberland Lodge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck being among the guests. The Princess on Saturday stood godmother to the infant daughter of Captain and Mrs. Holmes at Windsor Parish Church.

A Requiem Mass for Prince Louis Napoleon took place last week at Chislehurst on the anniversary of his death. The ex-Empress was present, and Prince Napoleon came over from Paris on purpose, his second son, Prince Louis Jérôme, who is studying at Cheltenham, also attending.



THE CONTEMPLATED APPOINTMENT OF THE BISHOP OF HURON as Suffragan for the Diocese of Ripon has been abandoned. The active work of the Diocese during the illness of the present Bishop will be carried on by two Bishops Commissary—Bishop Ryan for the Archdeaconry of Richmond, and the Bishop of Huron for that of Craven. Bishop Bickersteth will still keep in his own hands the general oversight of the Diocese.

AT AN INFLUENTIAL MEETING AT THE MANSION HOUSE last week in furtherance of the endowment of the new Bishopric of Southwell, resolutions declaring the urgent need of additional episcopal superintendence in what are now the Dioceses of Lincoln and Lichfield were moved by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Lincoln; the former calling special attention to the fact that, even after the creation of the new Bishopric, Lincoln will still contain 388 parishes and Lichfield 457, while Southwell will have 471. An income of 3,500*l.* must be secured before the new See can be founded, and towards this the Bishop of Lincoln will give up 500*l.* a year, and the Bishop of Lichfield 300*l.* To meet the balance of 2,700*l.* a capital sum of 70,000*l.* must be provided, of which only 40,300*l.* has as yet been obtained.

BISHOP CLAUGHTON, as Chaplain-General to the Forces, took the chair at a meeting at the Duke of Westminster's on the 1st to raise funds for a Soldiers' Church Institution at Aldershot. 2,000*l.* in donations have already been received, and subscriptions promised to the amount of 125*l.* per annum. A central site has been secured for the building, which will contain a lecture hall, coffee room, reading room, and if sufficient subscriptions can be obtained, outdoor space for gymnasia, &c. Before long it is calculated that 10,000 young men will leave the Army every year, and there is urgent need of a central institute for the Church work now going on in the ranks.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND has been memorable this year for a victory of the Liberals all along the line. Principal Rainy's motion that liberty should be granted to congregations to use instrumental music was carried over the heads of the Highland party by 390 to 259, and the next day their veteran leader, Dr. Begg, was again defeated in the attempt to oppose a petition in favour of Disestablishment. Before breaking up the Free Church Assembly carried by 194 votes to 52 a petition to Parliament against legalising marriages with a deceased wife's sister.

THE GOVERNMENT OF NEUCHÂTEL have issued a decree, bearing date the 22nd of May, by which all meetings of the Salvation Army are prohibited, unless leave has been obtained from the Grand Council. The Army—so the decree asserts—is not an ordinary association, but a religious corporation, of which the members owe unlimited obedience to their "General."—At Clerkenwell an application from a member of the new Blue Ribbon Gospel Army for a summons against a man who attempted to break the ranks was summarily dismissed, the applicant exhibiting no sign of violence, and having no witness to support the charge. It was no wonder, said the magistrate, if people tried to break up the Army when they marched about making noises with a brass band.

SIX OCCUPANTS OF ENGLISH SEES and 200 Priests assembled on Thursday week at the opening of the New Dominican Church on Haverstock Hill, and, in the procession, besides some fifty Dominicans, were representatives of other ten religious Orders. M. Gounod's new mass, composed expressly for the Oratorians against the opening of their new Oratory next year, was sung for the first time on this occasion. Cardinal Manning, whose health did not permit him to attend in person, was represented by his Bishop Auxiliary, Dr. Weathers.

CANON ANSON, for the last eight years Rector of St. Mary's, Woolwich, announced last Saturday his intention of resigning. To

devote himself to Mission Work in North West Canada. The living has since been accepted by the Rev. S. G. Scott, of St. Saviour's, Battersea.

DR. KITCHIN, the new Dean of Winchester, was formally installed on Tuesday morning. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of the Diocese, in the presence of a large congregation including the Mayor and Corporation, and a great number of clergy.

THE APPLICATION for a sentence of deprivation against Mr. Mackonochie will be proceeded with by Lord Penzance on Saturday.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The second performance of *La Gioconda* confirmed the success of the first, both as regards the execution of the work generally and the unquestionable claims of the new prima donna, Madame Marie Durand. It would occupy more space than we have at command to enter into a detailed specification of the plot, or to show wherein and how often Signor Boito, author and composer of *Mefistofele*, has chosen to arrange and disarrange the materials placed at his disposal by the lugubrious, though absorbing, drama of Victor Hugo. The task, as readers of *The Graphic* have already been informed, had long ago been undertaken by the librettist of an opera entitled *Il Giuramento* (produced in 1837 at the Scala, Milan), from the pen of the laborious and fecund, if never very decidedly original, Saverio Mercadante—who, by the way (like his successor), while changing the names of the leading *dramatis personae*, as well as the place of action, and diverging in other points from the original, adheres, on the whole, more closely to the French dramatist's *scenario*. Further to discuss the question, however, would be superfluous. The story of *Angelo, Tyran de Padoue*, is sufficiently well known, and *Il Giuramento* has been heard, not only at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Benjamin Lumley's management (1840 and 1845), but at Drury Lane when Mr. E. T. Smith was director (June, 1859). *La Gioconda* proclaims itself at once as an Italian opera *seria* of the modern school, in some small degree influenced by French and Teutonic examples, but bearing no more affinity to the Wagner teachings than the composer does to the ravings of a "genial madman"—a phrase applied by Wagner himself to Beethoven, in one of the famous passages of that extraordinary treatise, *Oper und Drama*. In fact, Ponchielli is an Italian *pur sang*—

For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit.

He has said it convincingly enough in *La Gioconda*, and in this respect, by transferring the scene from gloomy Padua to the once gay and sparkling Venice, whatever may be thought of the other liberties taken with Victor Hugo, Signor Boito has rendered him essential service by presenting opportunities for contrast which in the original play do not exist, and which were overlooked in Mercadante's libretto. Verdi, with his frequent collaborator, Piave, would have accepted *Angelo* pretty nearly as it stood, and out of it would doubtless have made as fine an opera as *Ernani*, *Il Trovatore*, or *Rigoletto*. But we think Signor Ponchielli did wisely not to tread in Verdi's footsteps, for in the treatment of melodramatic tragedy "long drawn out" Verdi has no existing rival, while as a fruitful melodist, depending almost always on his own resources, he is equally unmatched. Upon the plot of *Angelo*, as used for his own purposes by Signor Boito (under the somewhat affected anagram of "Tobia Gorrio") it is unnecessary to enter in detail, our contemporaries, daily and weekly, having informed the public profusely on the point. Those—and they must be many—who have read Victor Hugo's drama will easily observe the changes made by the Italian librettist, and admit that, with some exceptions, the *dénouement* above all, they are contrived with fair results. Changes of names count for nothing. They have been accepted with equanimity, not only in Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*, but in two of Verdi's most admired and popular operas, *Rigoletto* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The cruel and revengeful Angelo, however, now transported from Padua to Venice, as Alvisé Badoero, preserves all his uninviting characteristics; and so does, happily, the unselfish, suffering, and devoted Tisbe, metamorphosed from the brilliant and fashionable actress into a street-ballad singer, supporting a blind mother by the exercise of her humble vocation. This blind mother, by the way, is here made to act a much more important part than in the original play; and not less so Homodei, the Inquisitorial spy, now taking the name (for what reason "no fellow can understand"—except Signor Boito, who surely hardly wishes to pass off the book as one of his own unaided inspiration) into Barnaba. The other leading characters—Laura, wife of Alvisé, chief of the "Council of Ten"; Enzo Grimaldo, a Genoese nobleman, who had obtained Laura's consent before her forced marriage, who still loves her as she still loves him, and who, moreover, has won the affections of Gioconda, must speak for themselves. Enough that the heroine, whose name is given to the opera, is a martyr suffering for the derelictions of others, and falling a victim in the end to her own generosity and spirit of self-sacrifice. But this has all been told at length. We have frequently urged the production of *La Gioconda*, which, though really the only triumphantly successful of its composer's dramatic essays, has been so highly lauded in Italy and elsewhere as to stimulate curiosity to the utmost. The result is no more than expected. The opera is precisely of the type of Donizetti's too-much-undervalued *Lucrezia Borgia*, with a stamp of Verdi, here and there, on the face of it. That Signor Ponchielli is an accomplished musician, far above the level of Marchetti (whose *Riv Blas* may be still remembered) and others of that class, is undeniable; but that he is ever likely to occupy so commanding a position as to be accepted for an *inventor* in his art—a "genius," so to speak—we are in no way inclined to believe. His music is fluent and melodious from beginning to end, but devoid of that sign of freshness and spontaneity, which would enable him, like Verdi, and before Verdi, Rossini, to bring about a revolution in his art, and thus be hailed as what the advanced school term an "epoch maker." In short, Signor Ponchielli moves pretty strictly in the old groove of Donizetti, who, though undoubtedly an undisputed master in his way, was no more an "epoch maker" than his clever and brilliant successor. Ponchielli is especially happy in his choruses, for which he is provided with opportunities in *La Gioconda* which he has turned to the brightest account. For the most part they are of simple texture, but that detracts nothing from their general effect. Like most of his famous compatriots he has the skill of writing for voices almost exceptionally belonging to Italian art; and this he shows equally in his solo airs, duets, trios, and even recitatives, which, while carrying out the action, stage by stage, separate one piece of "absolute" music from another. His ballet music, too, is always tuneful and sparkling, though rarely exhibiting the exuberant flow of unsought melody to be met with, for example, in Rossini (*Guillaume Tell*), Auber (*Masaniello*, *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, &c.), or Meyerbeer (*Robert le Diable* and *Le Prophète*). His orchestration, while thoroughly adequate for his purposes, is as clear and unpretending as his vocal part-writing; he knows the calibre of the instruments full well, and handles them, whether in *obbligato* or in combination, with invariable facility. About the construction of his concerted pieces a good deal might be said; but

it must suffice to state that the *finale* to Act III. the most ambitious of all, may in some degree not unfavourably compare with that to the second act of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*—an acknowledged masterpiece. To discuss severally the five-and-twenty numbers into which *La Gioconda* is divided and subdivided would greatly exceed our limits. The foregoing observations must, therefore, be accepted as a general estimate, with the addition that they imply a highly promising verdict, an unequivocal admission of the merits of our new aspirant for the "freedom" of the City of London, and a confirmed belief that he will no longer remain a stranger among us. Whatever was requisite to ensure success for *La Gioconda* has been provided by the management. Madame Marie Durand, already recognised on the Continent, is an artist in all respects to be esteemed. A singer of no ordinary pretensions, and a genuine actress to boot, she is thoroughly fitted for the very interesting character of Gioconda, and portrays it in perfection. Her reception, from first to last on both occasions, was unanimously cordial, and she may be said to have at once established herself in public opinion. The other leading parts are more than adequately sustained by Mlle. Tremelli (La Cieca), Mlle. Stahl (Laura), Signor De Reszke (Alvisé Badoero), and Signor Cotogni (Barnaba). The *mise en scène* is worthy of the Royal Italian Opera; while the orchestra and chorus, under the able direction of Signor Bevignani, are all that could be wished. About "encores" and "recalls" it is needless to speak. Wagner makes "encores" impossible, and we entirely agree with him that both "encores" and "recalls" are absurdities. The other performances since our last have been repetitions. *Lohengrin* was announced for Thursday, with Madame Albani as Elsa, and our English tenor, Mr. Maas (his first appearance at Covent Garden), as the "Knight of the Swan."

HAUNTED BUNGALOWS

THE notion of Indian houses being haunted—unless, indeed, by spirits raised from the vasty deep of brandy *panes*—is, on first thought, rather ridiculous. Nevertheless, there is scarcely a station in Hindostan which has not its haunted bungalow, or, at the very least, some old house in which the demon of pestilence has taken up his abode. This goes to show that houses need not be of great age to suit a ghostly occupant, for there are few houses of any great antiquity in India; but it must be confessed that, when a ghost once selects a bungalow for his castle, it is the very mischief to get him out of it, even with the aid of priest, book, and candle. Nor is this self-determination the only peculiarity of Indian ghosts. They appear to the appalled beholders by sunlight as well as by night, and are apparently indifferent to the time of day whenever it suits them to revisit the earth. A curious and very well authenticated instance of this disregard of the hour is that of an *afternoon* ghost, which punctually appears at sunset in a certain house at Madras.

On the Poonamalee Road in that town there is an old tumble-down sort of bungalow, in which no one cares to dwell because of an apparition which is credibly said to appear there of an evening as regularly as clockwork. Military men, clergymen, and others, have testified to the fact of this singular apparition's appearance; and the story is so well known in Madras, and has been so often discussed, that it may perhaps be set down as one of the best authenticated ghost stories on record.

The phenomenon is this: At sunset, and before darkness has set in—there is little or no twilight in India—the figure of a native woman, apparently an Ayah, is seen to glide through one of the rooms, and to vanish as mysteriously as it came. So many persons have seen this misty form during a brief occupation of the house in question, that it would be absurd to say there is nothing credible in it. But the mystery has never been solved, and the haunted bungalow, half-hidden in the deep gloom and shade of a sombre mango grove, is untenanted unless by curious people desirous of making the acquaintance of the mysterious Ayah. The late Lord Lytton might have found a mine of the marvellous in that old Madras bungalow, and he probably would have greatly relished a *tête-à-tête* with the ghost; because, if tradition speaks truth, there was a great tragedy committed in that house in former days, and the ghostly Ayah is assumed to have been a horrified witness of the transaction. At all events, she makes no secret of her presence now. She does not wait until the witching hour of night to fulfil her mission, whatever it is. She appears at sunset, and just at the time when ladies are enjoying their afternoon tea, heedless of what is going on in the next world in view of the greater importance of the affairs of the one that we live in. The absence of stage trick, of any possible mechanism, and the time of day, all tend to make this mysterious Ayah a peculiarly interesting apparition. Moreover, she must be of great age, because she is remembered as being always in the same house by the oldest inhabitant, and even before his time, he will tell us—in the time of that oldest inhabitant's father. The unbelieving, of course, will invent theories to account for the marvellous. Thus, it has been said that the apparition is due to an optical delusion cleverly devised by persons—perhaps a nest of gamblers—in order to keep the house empty for their own purposes. But there is nothing whatever to warrant that conclusion. So the mysterious Ayah of the Poonamalee Road, Madras, whose fashion of dress never alters as the ages go by, remains as much a mystery as ever, but can be interviewed by any one who likes to rent the bungalow she affects for the very short period he is likely to remain there in her company.

The above apparition may be said to be a neutral kind of ghost; but there are evil and beneficent spirits in India as well. There is a well-known haunted house in one of the stations of the North of India, where the "house ghost," if we may so call him, evinces malicious and malignant idiosyncrasies. It is this wretched spirit's mundane amusement to try to upset the *charpoy*, or bed, on which the bewildered tenant seeks repose; and so persistent are his efforts in this unworthy direction, that they have been compared to shocks of earthquake, and to the explosions of subterranean mines. People laugh; but no one particularly cares to sleep twice in that haunted bungalow. When some one more inquisitive than the rest passes a night—or, more probably, only a portion of a night—in that house, it is generally remarked that for some time afterwards he has the appearance of a man who has been travelling night and day for three weeks, and without towels, soap, or hair-brushes.

As to the malignant spirit, he is never seen at all; but his diabolical efforts to destroy or upset the local upholstery are very well known to the inhabitants of the place. A Mussulman was once killed in that particular bungalow; but whether, owing to his little misfortune on earth, he has anything to do with these phenomena is open to question. Another species of malignant spirit which becomes most intimately associated with an Indian house is a disease. There are houses in Indian towns and stations of which the citizens say it is as much as any man's life is worth to enter them. Sometimes this description of haunted house has a terrible reputation for cholera. A, X, Y, B, and Z all died in that house, and all died of cholera. C, who was superior to superstition, went into the house just to show the absurdity of believing in such rot, and speedily lost his wife and three children. A bungalow of that character obtains a sinister reputation which its outside or inside appearance does not belie. The mud walls crumble away, and great cracks, big enough for ghosts to peep through, become visible behind the torn and mildewed wall-paper. The landlord leaves off painting the doors and the Venetian blinds. What do ghosts want with paint—at least the male ones? The wheel-marks of the last hearse are to be seen on the gravel, so deserted of visitors are the premises; and for a dismal

spirit, for one inclined to morbid imaginings upon a past existence, not George Robins himself could have hit upon a more suitable place of residence for such a ghost than one of these disease dens of an Indian station.

There are other houses so intimately connected with fever as to be called by their peculiar type of the disease, as Typhoid Hall, Ague Villa, and so on. The local spirit is not so hard to unearth here. It is sometimes found that bad drainage, or rotten foundations, is the real ghost after all; but it cannot be denied that the mortality in some Indian bungalows of an unlucky reputation is unaccountable, for there seems to be no earthly reason for it.

It is a relief to turn from the vagaries of the evil spirits to the beneficence of the good. In England one seldom hears of a good ghost, or of a ghost who puts himself out of his way to oblige any one; but, in India, ghosts of this cheerful temperament are quite common. Sometimes they assume the appearance of Europeans, and sometimes, which is much more extraordinary, if they have any choice in the matter, that of natives. These ghosts have done the living no end of good. The warnings, the "tips," and the other information they have imparted to persons in the flesh have been endless, and would do credit to the prophet of a sporting paper. As an example of the beneficence of this first-class spirit, a well-authenticated story is told of a man and his wife occupying a certain haunted bungalow. They were on the eve of sailing for Europe, and were in actual negotiation for a passage by a particular ship, when at night they were intensely astonished by seeing, by the bright moonlight in the garden, a white figure with one arm raised in a warning attitude. Being persons with great faith, if not confidence in ghosts, they postponed their departure, and were fortified in their credulity for ever afterwards by learning that the ship in which they proposed sailing had foundered in a cyclone on the very day on which she was advertised to leave India, and on the same date that the mysterious apparition appeared to them. Now and then a beneficent spirit enriches those he takes under his protection. There was an Indian officer of the old times who wedded into a native family of distinction that possessed a ghost or *banshee* of its own. The grandson of that officer being in India, and in great pecuniary distress at the time, was surprised one night by the apparition of a Mahratta warrior, clad in chain-mail armour, which shone with intense brilliance in the moonlight. The apparition beckoned him to follow, and led the way to an old tomb in a Mahomedan graveyard, where it left him. Something impelled the young man to dig, and he was rewarded by finding more than five lakhs in gold mohurs and star pagodas.

More often, unfortunately, this description of spirit leads the mortals who trust in it to a fruitless dance. Some natives believe the Will-of-the-Wisp—often seen in the paddy-fields—to be the incarnation of this most vexatious and abortive phenomenon. The natives, indeed, are whales at swallowing every kind of spirit, whether of this world or the other. There is a white spirit in the shape of a large bird, much given to haunt thick groves and old compounds, which to see, in their estimation, is to die. Every native who has observed this ominous fowl by night, or two crows kissing by day, has invariably joined the majority; and it is likely enough, since natives can die on the smallest provocation, that the sight of the midnight white bird has actually killed some of them. It was our own good or evil fortune to see this terrible bird once; and, to an unexcited imagination, the creature bore a very strong resemblance to a large cream-coloured owl.

Bright moonlight and deep-black mango-groves play strange tricks with the imagination, however, and it is easy enough to see ghosts under a certain combination of the two. So common, indeed, are ghosts in native estimation, that the term *boochekara*—which means an apparition—is far more frequent in the mouths of Indians than the word ghost is with us. We know that we must go to old castles and churchyards for ghosts; but it is impossible to say where or when a *boochekara* in India will not turn up. He is here, there, and everywhere; but has a preference for old bungalows where *Sahibs* have died, and for localities where the Thugs have been at work in the old days. And it is not only natives that believe in the *boochekara* and all his works. There are Europeans in India who have seen ghosts, and have been so painfully impressed with what they have seen as to dislike and avoid all allusion to the matter. And this is a remarkable fact, considering how ill-adapted India seems to be to ghosts and ghost stories. Ghosts do not appear to agree well with a thermometer at 98 deg.; with kaskos, tattles, punkahs, and tents. Nevertheless, they have easily adapted themselves to such unlikely surroundings, by all accounts, for there is an almost incredible story of one haunted bungalow in which the ghost, or beneficent one, actually pulled the *punkah*. He would have been an invaluable spirit, this one; only that, unluckily, he did not pull it well. The *punkah* moved at uncertain seasons by spasmodic jerks, and, of course, by invisible agency. Whether the ghost in question was a defunct *punkah* coolie, who imagined himself more than three parts asleep, or whether Indian spirits find distraction in a congenial amusement in the pulling of cooling *punkahs*, it is impossible to say, for this also is among the many mysteries of haunted bungalows.

W.

THE RUSSIAN SECTION OF THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION was opened at the end of last week.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL has cost the Germans 250,000*l.* within the last twenty years, and even now more money is wanted towards the expenses of pulling down the various encumbrances on the west side of the building. These, however, are gradually being removed, and when the terrace in front is put in order, the cathedral will be considered finished within and without.

THE ACCLIMATISATION OF EDELWEISS in the Bohemian mountains is to be tried, and a special nursery for the precious Alpine plant has been established in the Grand Ducal Gardens at Schlackenwerth, in North-Western Bohemia. When sufficiently strong, the young plants will be taken to the Keilberg, one of the peaks of the Erz-Gebirge range, which divides Bohemia from Saxony.

GIPSY NAMES for some of the European countries are more graphic than polite, judging from a list given by a contemporary. Thus, while our moist climate merely earns for England the title of the "wet country," Bavaria, Poland, and Hungary are the "countries of great talkers," Prussia is the land of the long-legged people, the province of Altenburg is the country of wide pantalons, and Switzerland the land of cheese.

"MONSIEUR YOURS TRULY W. J. BROWN" was the remarkable address of a letter lately sent by the Paris *Figaro* in reply to some inquiry by an American, who signed himself according to the usual epistolary formula. French journals' ridiculous misuse of the most common English terms is proverbial, still our own countrymen are sometimes equally ignorant with respect to other tongues, as a well-educated stationer recently regularly addressed an English newspaper to a customer abroad—"Monsieur T. H. Jenkins, Esq."

A LOFTY MOUNTAIN TRAMWAY is to be constructed up the famous Pike's Peak in the Rocky Mountains, Colorado, reaching to an altitude of 14,200 feet. It will be divided into three sections, the first worked by an engine at the lower end, the second by water power utilised on the mountain side through a turbine wheel, and the third by an engine erected on the summit of the Peak. The supports will be made of trees about 24 feet high, on which a thick wire cable will revolve. To this cable will be fastened at intervals a large covered arm-chair holding two persons, which will be suspended about 8 feet from the ground.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA: "CROWNED"—THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION AFTER THE CEREMONY

FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS



THE TURF.—The most fastidious could not complain of the weather at Ascot, which may be described as a hot sun, tempered by a cool and palpable breeze from the East. But even this some hyper-ultra-grumblers objected to, declaring that they felt the dominance of the East wind before they got out from between their blankets in the morning. Princes and Princesses galore attended the meeting; so there was nothing to find fault with on this score; and if the attendance of the "upper ten" and several of the lower tens was a little below the average, the presence of the *crème de la crème* made up for lack of quantity, and it was allowed on all hands that the taste in dress among the ladies left nothing to be desired. The opening day's racing was decidedly good, the fields showing well in quality, though the finishes were not as a rule very exciting. Geheimniss, last year's Oaks victor, started first favourite, with Knight of Burghley, and won, carrying the top weight, though the five-year-old Frontier, with a great pull in the imposts, ran her to a head. The Maiden Plate fell to a widow, Lady Vivian, whose Offspring beat a field of eleven. Mr. Johnstone's Border Minstrel took the Gold Vase over a distance of two miles, showing that if he had been entered for the Derby it is probable that St. Blaise would not now be the wearer of the blue ribbon. Bonny Jean, this year's Oaks winner, was among the beaten lot. The Prince of Wales's Stakes for three-year-olds, so often a criterion of recent running, saw seven at the post, of whom Laocoon, who was talked about for the Derby, was made favourite with his light impost. Galliard, however, the Two Thousand winner, and third in the Derby, made short work of him and Ossian, who ran second. Superba, of course, won the Biennial, and Palermo scored his first brackets in the Triennial, in which Shotover once more performed but badly. Thebais was made a warm favourite in a field of seven for the once famous Ascot Stakes, but she is evidently still far away from her form of times past, as she could not give away the weight required of her, and the gay deceiver Ishmael for once took it into his head to run kindly and secure the stake for Mr. Jardine, whose colours are always welcome in the van at Ascot. On the second day the Hunt Cup was of course the *pièce de résistance*, and it brought out twenty-two runners, two more than last year's number. For once in a way the majority of professional prophets and backers were pulled through by the favourite, Elzevir, who started at 5 to 1, Joggles being next in demand at a point less. It was a very pretty race, and at the distance Elzevir came out and won by a length and a-half, Nesscliff being second, and Despair third. The Coronation Stakes for fillies, as anticipated, fell to Lovely, and the Biennial to Mr. Keene's American colt, Blue Grass. The Ascot Derby with the Epsom Derby winner in it giving weight to good horses was of course an interesting event, but St. Blaise failed to concede rolls, to Ladislas, who beat Ossian, to whom he was giving 7 lbs., by a head. This performance suggests that Ladislas did not run up to his best form in the Derby. Barcheldine won the Orange Cup, given by the King of the Netherlands, but he had nothing to beat in Faugh-a-Ballagh and Alizon.—Every one knows that St. Blaise failed to win the Grand Prize of Paris, being beaten fair and square by the French Derby winner, Frontin. English sportsmen by no means grudge the French their victory, and console themselves with the reflection that the winner is a thorough English horse, being a son of George Frederick and Frolicsome, and that he was ridden by an English jockey, T. Cannon, who has now won the Grand Prize four times. Archer rode St. Blaise, whose journey to and from France did him no good for his Ascot engagements.—Mr. R. Peck, as anticipated, has expressed his regret at having written to Messrs. Weatherby, and so all is forgiven and will soon be forgotten.—The famous Kermesse has "quitted the post for the paddock."

CRICKET.—There have been some interesting games since our last Notes, among which may be mentioned that between Notts and the M.C.C. The latter scored 82 on the first hand, and Notts replied with 164, of which Shrewsbury marked 85. The M.C.C. second innings of 218 somewhat altered the complexion of matters, and the county could only get 95 of the required number, being beaten by 41 runs.—Lancashire and Kent have had a good tussle at the Old Trafford ground, and when Kent got 309 in its first innings, Lord Harris contributing 118, and Lancashire with 206 had to follow on, things looked fairly well for the Home county. The Northerners then put 235 together, leaving Kent 136 to get to win. This it signally failed to do, and was eventually beaten by no less than 70 runs. For Lancashire Mr. Hardy, who seems in his best form this season, scored 88 and 96.—The Cambridge men won their first match this season on Saturday last by defeating a picked eleven of the "Gentlemen of England." They had somewhat the best of the game when they went in the second time for 113 to win, and this they got with the loss of only one wicket. Mr. C. T. Studd really outshone himself by running up 71 runs in forty minutes, and defying the attacks of no less than eight bowlers. He carried out his bat for this 71, as did C. W. Wright, curiously enough, for exactly the same figures. For the visitors, Mr. A. P. Lucas scored 86 in his second innings.—At Oxford, Lancashire has beaten the University by 151 runs.—Hampshire, at Southampton, has beaten Sussex, and thus revenged its recent defeat at Brighton.—Contrary to all expectation, Surrey has beaten Gloucester-

shire, and by no less than seven wickets. The game was a fairly even one till Surrey resumed the bat for its second innings, when its two Reads, M. and W. W. (by no means broken ones to lean on for this occasion), hit off, the former 113 and the latter 79 (both not out).—Some tall scoring, for which the present season seems to be becoming remarkable, is recorded from Cambridge, where the K.T.L.'s, in a match against Trinity, scored 538 for seven wickets, three making over 100 each.

AQUATICS.—The sculling match between Hanlan and Kennedy, which involved the Championship of the World, has been won by Hanlan with the greatest ease. The course was at the Point of Pines, Massachusetts.

LAWN TENNIS.—The Open Lawn Tennis Tournament which was commenced last Monday week at Stamford Bridge has resulted in the first prize being won by Mr. H. F. Lawford, and the second by Mr. E. L. Williams.

LACROSSE.—At Lord's, June 9 (this day), at 3.30 P.M., the Canadians and Iroquois Indians will play an exhibition match.—At Belfast, Ireland has beaten England by twelve goals to five.—The International match—United Kingdom v. Canada—will be played at the Oval on Monday next, commencing at 4.30 P.M.



TRUE BILLS were returned at the Central Criminal Court on Thursday week (when the Grand Jury again attended to receive directions from the Recorder) against the seven Fenians in Millbank on the indictment for treason-felony and conspiracy to murder, as well as on the charge of general conspiracy to over-awe the Queen and induce her by terror to change her Ministers and Counsellors, and on Friday the seven were brought up under a strong escort from the Penitentiary, and pleaded "Not Guilty" to all the indictments. The trial will commence on the 11th inst. before a Special Court, composed of the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, and Mr. Justice Grove. The Attorney and Solicitor-General, Mr. Poland, and Mr. R. S. Wright will conduct the prosecutions; the prisoners, except Whitehead, who is said to have no funds, will be severally defended by their different counsel.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT from the incautious—or should we not say criminal?—misuse of firearms nearly ended fatally this week in London. Two young men, Thomas Kelly and John Michael Routledge—the first name sounds Irish—had engaged a double-bedded room in the Salisbury Hotel, and each had with him a newly purchased revolver. That they should compare weapons, and that one ere long should point his pistol at his friend and pull the trigger, believing the chamber to be unloaded, seems nowadays an affair of course. Equally, of course, the chamber happened to be loaded, and his friend received a wound which but for skilful treatment might have caused his death. Mr. Kelly was brought before the Lord Mayor on Monday, and remanded till next day, when he was discharged, his friend being in a fair way to recover, and the affair being acknowledged by all concerned to be a perfect accident. It would also, we presume, have been pure accident had the bullet gone through a partition and slain an inoffensive stranger from the country, who flattered himself that he could take his ease in his inn.

OFFENSIVE SMELLS issuing from the garden of a man named Rees at Gloucester, whose wife pursues the calling of a monthly nurse, led a few days ago to a horrible discovery. The aggrieved neighbours had complained to the police, and inquiry had revealed the fact that Mrs. Rees had told a friend that by the doctor's orders she had put away the infant of one of her female patients. Repentant of her over-confidence, the guilty midwife now endeavoured to escape, but was arrested last Sunday, when she took the constable to her garden and showed him not one but eight infants neatly imbedded in quicklime. Seven of them were so far decomposed that the cause of death could not be ascertained, but the eighth, which Mrs. Rees declared had been born dead, was shown to have breathed, and died afterwards of hemorrhage. In the case of the first seven the jury necessarily returned an open verdict, but the eighth inquest ended in a charge of wilful murder against the delinquent.

THE ADJOURNED SUMMONS against Mr. W. H. T. Cox, of the *Licensed Victuallers Gazette*, for infringement of the Betting Act by publishing an advertisement in his paper, from which it would appear that information would be given to inquirers on certain events relating to a horse-race, was again heard this week before Mr. Flowers at Bow Street, by whom it was decided that an offence had been committed within the meaning of the Act, and that a penalty must be imposed of 10s. on each summons, and five guineas costs. Mr. Cox, who had been represented on the first hearing by Mr. Edward Clarke, Q.C., at once gave notice of appeal.

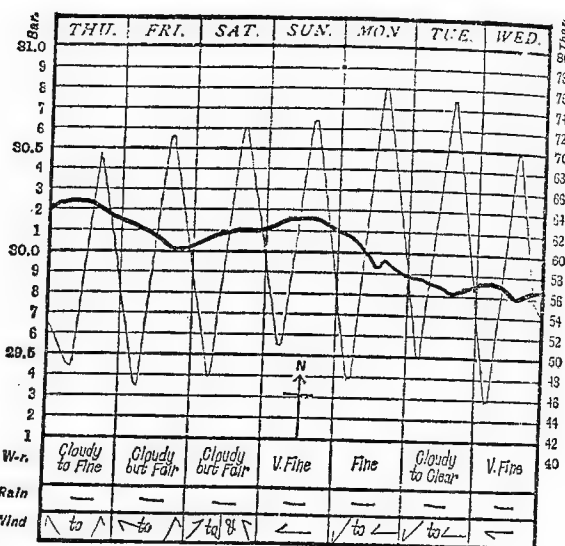
KILLING A DIRECTOR was pronounced by Sydney Smith to be the only thing which could ensure the safety of the railway traveller: running over an Alderman may have something of the same effect in at least diminishing the danger of our streets. Sir R. Carden, who this week had his second narrow escape from a careless carman, has thus, perhaps, been prompted to administer stern justice to a commercial traveller who, in a semi-drunken state, had run over

and killed a poor woman in Gracechurch Street. The Coroner's Jury had, of course, returned a verdict of Accidental Death; but Sir Robert does not always hold by "crown's law," and the reckless commercial, to his great surprise, has been sentenced, after full consideration of the circumstances, to twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour.

MR. JUSTICE BARRY, of the Queen's Bench Division of the Irish High Court of Justice, has been chosen to succeed the late Baron Deasy as Lord Justice of Appeal; and the vacancy among the puisne Judges will be filled by the elevation to the Bench of Mr. J. Murphy, Q.C. To avoid, however, offending Irish susceptibilities by an arrangement which would make all the judges in one division Protestants, it is probable that Mr. Justice O'Brien will be transferred to the Queen's Bench, and that Mr. Murphy will take his place in the Common Pleas.—Mr. R. J. Biron, Q.C., of the South Eastern Circuit, Recorder of Hythe, Deal, and Sandwich, succeeds the late Mr. C. E. Ellison at Lambeth. Mr. Biron was called to the Bar in 1854, and nominated Recorder of Hythe in 1872. He was also one of the Commissioners appointed in 1869 to inquire into Corrupt Practices at Norwich.

THE COMPLIMENTARY DINNER to Mr. Benjamin, Q.C., will be given, by the permission of the Benchers, at the Hall of the Inner Temple.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM MAY 31 TO JUNE 6 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During this period the weather has again been fine, warm, and dry, with light, variable winds. The barometer has shown a tendency to fall, on the whole, and the distribution of pressure was at first rather irregular, but during the latter half of the week a fairly well-developed anti-cyclone formed to the north of us. The mercury fell steadily in the course of Thursday (31st ult.), and the weather experienced was generally fine, with variable airs. During Friday (1st inst.) the fall in the barometer ceased, and towards evening a slow recovery set in; weather very fair, with light breezes. Saturday's (2nd inst.) chart shows a slight upward tendency in the mercury, and the weather which prevailed was again fair. The centre of a high pressure area lay over Scotland and the North Sea on Sunday (3rd inst.), and the wind—a moderate breeze—consequently blew from the eastward, and a cloudless sky was experienced. Monday (4th inst.) found the barometer falling somewhat decidedly, with light winds; the weather, however, was again fine. Tuesday and Wednesday (5th and 6th inst.) the barometer fell slightly generally, with light north-easterly and easterly winds, and fine sunny weather. Temperature gradually increased somewhat. The barometer was highest (30.24 inches) on Thursday (31st inst.); lowest (29.79 inches) on Wednesday (6th inst.); range, 0.45 inches. Temperature was highest (76°) on Monday (3rd inst.); lowest (46°) on Wednesday (6th inst.); range, 30°. No rain has fallen.

THE INLAND PARCELS POST comes into operation on August 1st, and will admit of parcels as large as 3 ft. 6 in. long and 2 ft. 6 in. girth; or, if no longer than 3 ft., the packets may measure 3 ft. round at the thickest part. The tariff will be 3d. for all parcels under 1 lb. in weight, 6d. under 3 lbs., 9d. under 5 lbs., and 1s. up to 7 lbs. It is recommended that all those who intend regularly to send parcels in large quantities should inform the neighbouring postmaster early this month, though the exact number and the date of posting need not be specified.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.—We have received an appeal from the Sunday Schools in St. Giles's for a summer day's ramble in the green fields for the little ones, nearly a thousand in number. The surroundings of many of those attending the schools are sad in the extreme, living as they do huddled together all the year round in the filthy courts and alleys of Drury Lane. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer, F. A. Bevan, Esq., 54, Lombard Street, E.C.; or to Geo. Hatton, Esq., the Superintendent of St. Giles's Christian Mission, at 12, Ampton Place, Regent Square, W.C.

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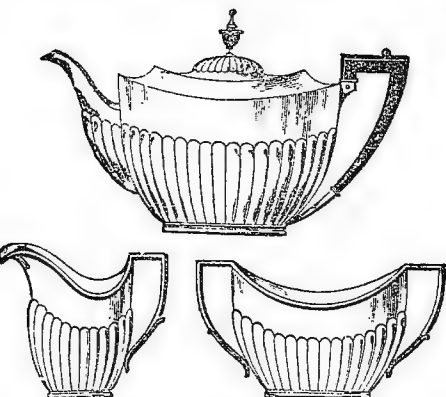
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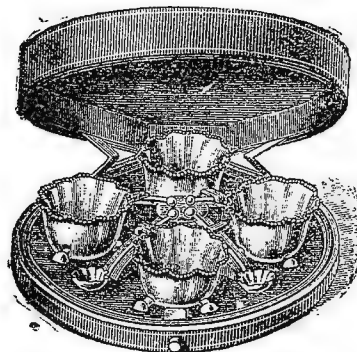
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IT HAS BEEN SAID, AND TRULY IS AN OLD ADAGE, that one-half the world does not know how the other half live; so it may be as truly said that one-half the trades and professions cannot conceive how success is attained by the other half, and we take it this is akin to the law of political economy; but there can be no doubt that success is always attained where energy, honesty, and integrity are brought to bear in conjunction with capital in almost every pursuit of life. These sterling qualities are of immense importance where the public money is invested, and it is always a pleasure to the managers, and especially to the public generally (either interested or not), to hear or know of the success of any grand undertaking. Yes, it is before and after as usual—want of decision is the proper term for it—good investments are frequently offered, but want of decision allows the chance to slip, and so it is through life. However, some (and not a few) either have the happy knack of hitting the right nail on the head, and at the right moment; the result is that immense fortunes are made out of a few pounds. Look, for example, at our noble houses; a number of them owe their position to a happy instance of—to use a simile—striking the iron whilst it is hot. And so the great majority of fortunes have been made; and we will venture to say, by far the greatest number have been made out of happy investments in the mining interests of this country, especially when the qualities are now selling at about £50 each, having received in dividends (on each share), up to and including March of this year, £35 3s. 6d. Did space permit, we could quote many others still more surprising; but this sterling fact will need no comment, and, as the old saying is, there are as good fish in the sea as ever were taken out, so there are opportunities of equaling, and, in fact, greatly surpassing, East Pool Investments. We are informed that the extraordinary discoveries made during explorations at these really splendid mines surpass all conception, and as a proof thereof the readers to show the large mass of ore lying on the surface at the various shafts ready for dressing. If the qualities of energy, &c., were ever brought to bear on any enterprise, surely here is the spot. The very names of the gentlemen forming the directorate are a sufficient guarantee that good business is meant, and that extraordinary results will be obtained. Here is an opportunity that should not be lost sight of, and if our numerous readers and friends fail to take advantage of the opportunity they have only themselves to blame.—CUNLIFFE, ENTWISLE, and CO., Bloomsbury, Manchester.

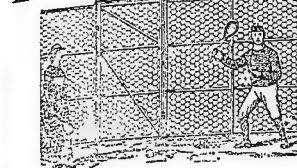
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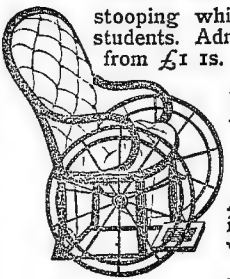
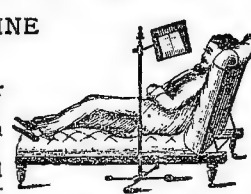
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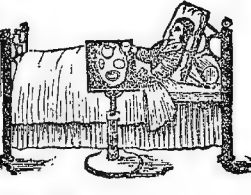
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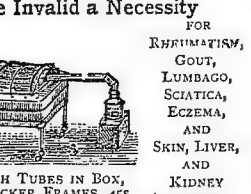
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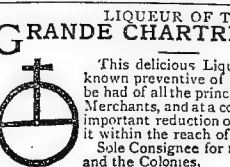


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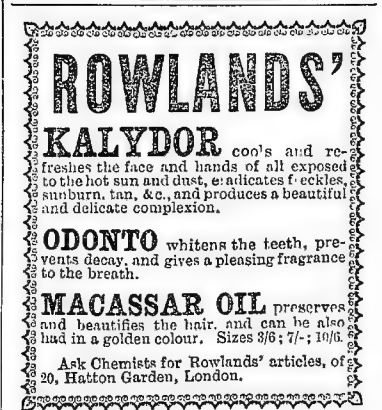
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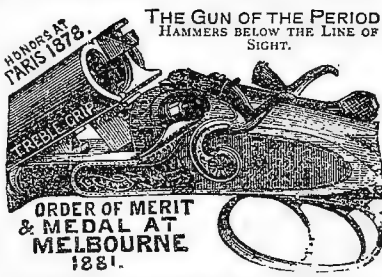
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progress of decay. It gives to the Teeth a peculiar
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in all cases of bad breath, and particularly by gen-
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It beautifies the teeth and gums.
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It renders the breath hard and healthy.
It neutralises the offensive secretions of the mouth.
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Put up in large bottles (only one size) and in elegant
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FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare;
Sweet as violets at the morn,
Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth,
From the richly-laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower;
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beautify and grace—
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Bottle.

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
If teeth are white and beautiful,
It keeps them so in the best
If they're discoloured in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusive quite,
That by its constant use
The very best effects arise
That science can produce.
It is the talk of every one,
An all-absorbing theme;
Whilst general now becomes the use,
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."
It makes the breath as sweet as flowers,
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All vile secretions it removes,
However long they've been;
The enamel, too, it will preserve,
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FLORILINE.
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It may or may not be generally known that
microscopical examinations have proved that animal
or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked
eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons
in ten. "Floriline" may easily satisfy himself
in this matter by placing a powerful microscope over a
partially decayed tooth, when the living animalcules
will be found to resemble a partially decayed cheese
more than anything else we can compare it to. We
may also state that the FRAGRANT FLORILINE
is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free
the teeth and gums from these parasites without the
slightest injury to the most tender gums.
From the Young Ladies' Journal. "An agreeable
dentifrice is always a luxury. As one of the most
agreeable may be reckoned Floriline. It cleanses the
teeth and imparts a pleasant odour to the breath. It
has been analysed by several eminent professors of
chemistry, and they concur in their testimony to its
usefulness. We are, therefore, asked to recommend a
dentifrice to our readers; therefore we cannot do better
than advise them to try the Fragrant Floriline."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to day,
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean;
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes! it is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly, if silently do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath.
But a certain preservative now has been found,
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your teeth to preserve
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"
'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger is to be taken;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now blend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
And evident proofs have they seen,
That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet, "FLORILINE!"

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I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-
for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a
colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The
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THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA—HERALDS SCATTERING THE IMPERIAL PROCLAMATION
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS



I.

"WHY SEND MORE IRISH TO AMERICA?" is the somewhat petulant cry of Prof. Goldwin Smith in the *Nineteenth Century*. They are not wanted in Canada, where people already shudder at the prospect "of wholesale consignments of agrarian terrorists," and where they will be a constant source of mischief in the towns; and, if dotted upon separate farms, will probably decamp to join the enemies of England in the United States. Still, even Irishmen must be settled somewhere, as the Professor must admit, for he believes in emigration as the remedy for Irish distress, and that, too, on a scale which will not be mere "depletion," but a clearance once for all of congested districts. No good is done, however, by suggesting querulously that the emigrants might be sent to the Southern States, where Fenianism is unknown, and left to fight it out there with their born enemies, the freed negroes.—Prince Krapotkine contributes, in his "Fortress Prison of St. Petersburg," a lengthy refutation of Mr. Lansdell's second paper upon Russian prisons. Mr. Lansdell, he repeats, did not see all or nearly all; and besides it is easy to transform a prison for a few hours in a way which will hoodwink even natives. That prison governors, dismissed for leniency, are sometimes reappointed to other posts, simply proves that they are able men with whose service the States cannot dispense.—Mr. Finlayson draws a gloomy picture—"Falling Trade and Factory Legislation"—of the effect on our flax and woollen manufactures of the Act of '75, which reduced working time to fifty-six hours per week. It is impossible, he points out, in these trades to make up for shorter hours by working harder, for the hard work is done by machinery which only requires to be minded; nor will superior education tell, for all that is wanted is ordinary attention. The falling-off in these trades may be judged from the returns of exports, nor do these returns tell everything, for many orders for the Eastern markets are now sent to Belgium (where spinners work seventy hours), and the goods ordered never pass through British ports.—Most noteworthy among the political articles are Mr. James Howard's contention that the Tories have never been the farmers' friends, not even, *pace* Lord Salisbury, in the matter of legislation against cattle disease; and Mr. Bear's emphatic warning to the Ministry, that their Holdings Bill, unless vastly strengthened, will alienate the mass of their country supporters.

In the *Contemporary* Sir Arthur Hobhouse attempts to show that the outcry against "Mr. Ilbert's Bill" is simply on a level with the clamour raised in 1836 against Macaulay's "Black Act," by which the jurisdiction of the Mofussil Courts was extended over British subjects in matters of civil litigation. Mr. Ilbert's Bill does not remove an anomaly, but rather a hurtful obstruction to a great policy—the policy of men like Elphinstone and Munro. Besides, the native Judges will only have power to imprison for a year, and there is always an appeal to the High Court.—M. de Laveleye holds that Germany and the United States will back England in any demand for "The Neutralisation of the Congo;" and Mr. Mulhall gives another of his interesting statistical papers on "Insanity and Suicide." In foggy London the suicides for the last ten years have averaged 87 to every million inhabitants, as against 402 in Paris.—"De Mortuis," by Miss Gordon-Cumming, a lady's plea for cremation, contains some curious and rather repellent stories of funeral fashions in California. Imagine getting a new set of false teeth for a dead woman; yet, after all, Pope's Narcissa would have done as much had she been a San Franciscan heiress.—Dr. Ebers, in his "Cairo Old and New," is eloquent on the science of the old Egyptians. It is possible, indeed, that the very word "chemistry" is derived from the ancient name of Egypt, "Chemu."

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. R. H. Hutton's "Poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough"—a paper in which just prominence is given to the almost exultant elasticity of spirit which underlies Clough's saddest and most cynical verse—and Mr. Courtney's "Robert Browning, Writer of Plays," one of which, *The Druses*, may in some distant hereafter take possession of the stage, are both fine literary studies.—Conspicuous among the other papers for thorough knowledge of their subject are Professor A. V. Dicey's "Legal Aspects of Disestablishment," an event which will only make those who pine for freedom more amenable to the ordinary law-courts than before—and Mr. MacColl's "The Clergy and the Law." But does it matter, except as a legal argument, whether Mr. Green, say, or Bishop Fraser most transgresses the rubrics of the Church? The essential difference between the two is that one regards Ritual as "indifferent," the other as the outward and visible sign of vitally-important doctrines.

Mr. Colquhoun's "England and France in Indo-China," on the whole the most important article in the *National*, shows very clearly what we may expect from the certain disarrangement (if France and China come to blows) of a trade amounting to a hundred millions yearly, and the possibility of a collision with France in Siam. Still the latter may be avoided by timely action—it is a far cry yet from Saigon to Bangkok—and the former by better counsels in the French Foreign Office.—Mr. Courthope contributes some pungent criticism of the eccentricities of Mr. Browning's "Jocoseria," and Mr. Saintsbury a good sketch of "Edgar Quinet," Conservative by temperament, Revolutionist by force of circumstances, for France had no Conservative gods to whom a man of Quinet's genius and honesty could bow.—"The Story of the Escape of Prince Metternich," from the letters of Baron C. von Hügel, though containing no new matter of high importance, has the unique interest of papers penned in a great crisis by a chief actor in the drama.

Harper for June is chiefly noteworthy for a profusion of descriptive articles, and for one perfectly delightful paper by Charles Reade, the story of a small Oxfordshire farmer, a tenant of the late W. B. Reade, who should have sat to the author of "Cripps the Carrier" for his portrait. But "Rus" must be left, unmeddled with, to the reader. From the other articles we might select for choice M. Gustafson's "Lambeth Palace" and "The Home of Hiawatha," the country round St. Paul's in Minnesota.

From a good number of *Blackwood* we have only space to name an able historic paper on "The Death of Rothesay"—the tragedy so finely told in "The Fair Maid of Perth," and so contemptuously dismissed, as pure fable, by some recent explorers of Scotch State records. The writer holds that Albany's guilt is not disproved, but rests on fair circumstantial evidence.—In *Belgravia* a pleasant notice of "Michael Kelly," "composer of wines and importer of music," as he was styled by his friend and fellow-countryman, Sheridan, and the strangely powerful concluding chapters of Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Heart and Science," are the chief attractions; and in the *Gentleman's* Karl Blind's curious paper on Dr. Oppert's attempt to identify the "Holy Grail" with the red coral stone to which we know much wonder-working power was ascribed in classical and Mediaeval fables.

The *Scottish Review* (A. Gardner) is a solidly valuable rather than a brilliant number. Its most interesting article at the present moment is that on "The Future of the Highlands." It is to the sea rather than the land, as the author shows, that the Islesman must look for any permanent improvement in his position, and here he needs better and larger boats—we might add, perhaps, more expert and daring crews—and, above all, cheap "pioneer" railways—though the very phrase may sound chimerical—to bring the harvest of the sea to market. Improvement must take this direction if the thinning-out of the population is to be checked and local enterprise

no longer discouraged, lest the planting of a tree or the opening of a quarry should impair the value of the deer-forest from which the unenterprising landlord earns a steady income without trouble; and if in the process the indolent or absentee proprietor gives place to smaller land-owners of a more stay-at-home and work-a-day order the country will have no reason to regret the change.—A noteworthy antiquarian paper on "Early Scottish Burghs" will also repay perusal.

That American audiences appreciate good music as much as those of European cities, and that the singer, to whom sympathetic appreciation is the breath of life, gives them in return her very best, is pretty nearly all Madame Nilsson has to say in her "Few Words about Public Singing," in the *North American*.—Of the other articles, Mr. Self's vigorous paper on "The Abuse of Citizenship" will have most attraction for English readers. It is only, he thinks, a fragment of the American Irish who keep alive "the foreign feuds and race distinctions, which should be made to disappear in the broader life of their adopted country," and Americans in this respect have to blame themselves for making citizenship so easy of acquirement. The scheming men who flatter Irishmen for their votes would do well, however, to remember that the percentage of Irish in the immigration returns has been declining for the last thirty years, and must decline even more rapidly in the future.

The *Century* for June is an exceedingly good number. Mr. Morse's "Native Element in American Fiction Before the War" is a singularly interesting account of the earlier novelists, from Brockden Brown down to the elder Hawthorne, of whom many are scarcely known by name in England, and some, once of world-wide fame, like Cooper, seem gradually passing into the limbo of forgotten greatnesses. It was not in invention, but in literary finish and expression, that the older members of this group fell short of their successors. To-day the position is reversed, and the artistic side of novel-writing is being developed at the expense of true creative force.—Mr. Gosse's charming gossip about "Living English Sculptors," and Mr. Henry James's clever criticism of "Carlyle and Emerson" as letter-writers, should both be looked at, and (among the illustrations) "Severn's Last Sketch of Keats," January 28, 1821.

The *Cornhill* brings both its serials to an end—the younger of the two, "The Gate of the Sea," a little abruptly, but with much tragic force.—"Bath and Tunbridge Wells a Century Ago" has some amusing anecdotes of Cumberland, the dramatist and scholar, and there is a fair paper on "The Folk Songs of Provence." What a pity the good Provençals cannot now deal with the *phylloxera* as their forefathers did with the grasshoppers, whom they formally summoned before the Courts, and, after hearing of counsel on both sides, condemned to quit the country at once, or be anathematised from the altar.

In *Temple Bar* is a good and scarcely, we think, too eulogistic, notice of "General Chanzky," the "one great soldier produced by France in '70-71." His plan for the relief of Paris in December might even have changed the fortune of the war. In an article on "Mr. Gladstone's Early Politics" Mr. Brinsley Richards publishes four letters written by the Premier in '30 and '31 to his tutor Charles Wordsworth, referring among other matters, to a description of a Reform meeting at Warwick which young Gladstone sent to the *Standard* in '31, under the *nom de plume* of "Spectator." "Reminiscences of the Crimean War" gives some vivid pictures of the first assault upon the Malakoff, Lord Raglan's death, and the battle on the Tchernaya.

Merry England (No. II.) is a little disappointing. There is nothing very new in another wail over the Carlyles, nor much that is exciting in "A Doubtful Parishioner," the story of a Vicar whom his most intimate friend suspects to be a monstrous villain, but finds in time to be only a bad preacher who reads somebody else's sermons. The best paper is "A Rope-Maker's Saturday Night," or weekly readings and discussions among a little group of working men at Liverpool.

To *Longman's* Dr. Smiles contributes one of his pleasant biographies of humble worthies, "A Faithful Parish Priest"—or the life-story of the Rev. John Stevens Henslow, of Hitcham, and Mr. Norris a readable paper of a practical kind "On Sending Out to Australia."

In *Macmillan*, besides Mrs. Oliphant's "Wizard's Son"—a tale with which we have the bad taste to feel occasionally bored—are some pleasant sketches of "the Old Virginian Gentleman," that stately descendant of Old-World cavaliers who down to the war retained much of the grand manner of the *ancien régime* beneath his rustic exterior; and some capital stories of French *littérateurs* from Maxime du Camp's "Literary Souvenirs."

Art magazines this month are scarcely at their best. In *Cassell's Magazine of Art* are, however, at least two articles of decided interest—a notice of the Russian Jew, Antokolsky, a sculptor almost unknown in England by name, and wholly unknown in his works, for South Kensington failed somehow to obtain a cast of his *chef d'œuvre*, "Ivan the Terrible," and Miss Zimmern's "A French Cathedral City: Noyon;" and there is a fair engraving of Constable's "White Horse," with an instructive note on the Suffolk landscape painter's place in Art, by H. V. Barnett.—To the *Art Journal* M. Lalauze contributes an etching, singularly delicate in its rendering of atmospheric effects, from Maurice Lenoir's picture of the French harvest custom of carrying home "the last sheaf" to the *château*; and Mr. Humphrey an interesting paper on "Old College Plate at Cambridge," with illustrations of "the Corpus Horn" and the Clare "Poison Cup," with the poison-detecting stone set in the lid.—In *Art and Letters* "Modern French Sculpture" contains notices of Mercie, Coutan, Dubois, &c., artists who have achieved success by abandoning the traditions of "a lifeless classicism" for the more vigorous expression and more exuberant vitality of the great masters of the Renaissance.—In the *Portfolio* are some fair views of "The Louvre," and a second article on "The Earlier Works of Rossetti."

We have also to acknowledge the *Argosy*, *All the Year Round*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Chambers*, *Good Words* (with a paper, by Clement Wragge, on "Weather-Watching on Ben Nevis"), the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Squire*, *Colburn*, the *Army and Navy*, *Tinsley* (with some quaint "Reminiscences of Walter Savage Landor," by Lady Bulwer Lytton), *London Society*, *Health*, a new "weekly journal of domestic science," edited by Dr. Andrew Wilson, *Modern Thought*, the *Irish Monthly*, the *Moniteur de la Mode*, the *Ladies' Gazette*, *Ladies' Treasury*, and *Myra's Journal*.

A PLEASURE VOYAGE IN A MERCHANT STEAMER

RECENTLY, when I had a month's holiday, and no very great means wherewith to spend it in luxurious travelling, but having, nevertheless, a great desire to get away from England into a complete change of climate and scenery, I induced a friend to try a voyage with me in one of the ordinary merchant steamers trading between South Wales, or the North of England, and the Mediterranean. I had obtained an introduction to some steamship owners, who said that their boats very seldom went without a couple of passengers in the summer months and that all our expense would be half-a-crown a day for food; and, although we both had considerable misgivings as to what that food might be like and how the captain would treat us, the cost of the trip promised to be so extremely cheap, that we decided at once to make the next voyage of the s.s. *Mabel*—namely, from Swansea to Algiers, Barcelona, Gibraltar, and home.

On the day and hour fixed for her departure we made our appearance at the North Dock, Swansea, where, enveloped in a cloud of coal-dust, the *Mabel* was taking in her last few tons of bunker coals, and being boarded by her crew, most of whom were in an advanced state of intoxication; one of them, indeed, to his intense astonishment and anger, fell into the dock, and was with some difficulty rescued from being drowned. In an hour's time we were in Swansea Bay, steering for the Mumbles Lighthouse, with a stiff breeze, a little spitting rain falling, and everything and everybody seeming dreary and unsettled; one, at any rate, feeling more and more so every moment.

Our new experiences at once began. My companion brought to my sick bunk some account of what had transpired in the mess-room at tea, which my illness had prevented me from attending. The mate, it appeared, was severely religious, and, to humour him, he was always allowed to say grace. The boatswain was a man full of anecdote, and never prefaced his tales in any other style than "By Ge—or—ge, surr, I reclec," which he drew out in stentorian tones. Seated behind the rudder-post, which pierced the mess-room, this boatswain had been struck with some recollections just as the mate had begun in a low voice to ask a blessing. Not perceiving the devotional attitude of the table, he had burst forth with a terrific "By Ge—or—ge" in the middle of a grace, which the mate chose to assume was done on purpose to annoy him, and so had quarrelled and nagged for the rest of the time in an uproarious and unseemly manner. This scene, taking place before a visitor, had scandalised our kind little captain, who arranged, in consequence, that we should mess with him privately in the saloon for the future, and so a source of possible discomfort was spared us.

Shortly after we had passed the Rock of Lisbon, by which time we had become used to the life, we had an awning put up over the after part of the boat, and, the weather being warm and the sea calm, began thoroughly to enjoy ourselves with our books, pipes, and conversation, and to take a very different interest in the places we were passing, such as the quaint old convent on Cape St. Vincent, Trafalgar Bay, Tarifa, Gibraltar, &c., to that which we had faintly employed when the captain pointed out St. Ives, the Longships Lighthouse, Scilly, and Ushant.

The second morning past Gibraltar, we woke up to find ourselves running down the wild coast of Africa; and later on a French pilot took, or rather tried to take, us into Algiers Harbour. We were not particularly in love with pilots, as they were the only cause of wrath to our captain, who was ordinarily one of the best-tempered men it has been my good fortune to encounter. When a pilot takes charge of a ship, the captain's responsibility, from that moment, is supposed to cease; but, if the pilot shows unmistakable signs of taking the ship on to the Mole, this understanding is slight consolation to a conscientious master. The Algiers pilot (whose knowledge of English was confined to the four commands "Ardapor I mean ardastarbor," "Ardastarbor I mean ardapor," "Goed I mean goastern," and "Goastern I mean goaed") certainly gave our good captain sore cause for perturbation; but I must say I think he was dealt with somewhat summarily. After contemplating his wild antics for some moments, the captain flew at him: "You shan't take her another yard," he said. "You know as much about taking a ship into port as my old grandmother. Go down into the cabin and get drunk. I warrant you'll know how to do that."

The poor pilot, who understood nothing of all this, replied, "Oui, oui, oui. Ardapor, I mean goastern. Oui, oui, oui, oui, capitaine."

"Stop that idiotic we-weeing," shouted the captain in a furious rage, "and get off the bridge."

The pilot, who was slowly beginning to understand that some ill-feeling existed towards him on the part of the captain, was about to commence a soothing compliment in French, when the captain seized him by the arm, dragged him along to the poop, shook his fist in his face, and, pointing to a seat, told him to move out of that and he'd throw him overboard. He then returned, boiling over with fury, to take us in his own way. But, after having been doing so for some time, entirely to his private satisfaction, he was suddenly transported to madness by the wretched pilot, who had been watching his amateur proceedings in agony from the poop, and at length, finding himself unable any longer to restrain his feelings, had burst forth with a desperate "Ardastarbor!" This proved to be the last straw to break the back of our exasperated commander. He flew at his little enemy, perfectly beside himself with rage, encircled him as well as he could with his arms, and, after a brief struggle, succeeded in depositing him in the harbour. It was, in reality, a smaller matter than it sounds; the steamer was heavily laden, and the fall into the water only a few feet; there were plenty of small boats about, too; so that the unfortunate pilot came to no harm; indeed, he made twenty francs by the transaction, for he arrived early the next morning to be compensated for the assault; the whole affair having been, if one may say so, converted, quite as a matter of course, from vulgar fractions into the decimal coinage of the country.

Our stay of ten days at Algiers was the pleasantest part of our trip. Although we made the steamer our sleeping-place during the discharging of the coal, yet the absence of wind, and the method of discharging the cargo in little baskets into a lighter, made it a much less troublesome affair than the loading, and during the day we were seldom on board. A boat with an awning was placed at the steamer's disposal, rowed by an Arab boy, and in this we used to get across to the other end of the harbour, with our books and towels, and spend the hot hours of the day reading, sleeping, and bathing. It may safely be said that any one who has never bathed in the Mediterranean had never yet tasted the real pleasure of sea-bathing; no violent panting, or hard labour with the arms and legs, is necessary in order to move about, or keep one's head above water; the water is so buoyant that sinking is almost an impossibility. We used to throw ourselves out of the little boat, and lie still like logs of wood, or walk about almost as securely as one does in the street; except that we could see through the clear water, many fathoms under our feet, the bottom of the harbour, looking like the commencement of some new world; as, indeed, the bottom of the sea to all intents and purposes is.

Both at Algiers and Barcelona we were treated with the utmost courtesy by the ship's brokers, who showed us everything worth seeing, and paid us the greatest attention. But, at the latter place, a cloud came over our little community which was never quite dispelled during the remainder of the voyage. The weather was intensely hot; and one morning, about eleven o'clock, the boatswain, who had made friends again with the mate, and become, on account of his honest waggishness, a great favourite with us all, was observed to be, as we supposed, overcome with drink. The captain ordered that he should be confined in one of the little deck-cabins till he was sober; and locked up he accordingly was. A few hours later, however, some one looked in and found the poor fellow in a state of collapse, and muttering, in an incoherent way, "By George, sir; by George." The alarm was at once given, and he was brought out and laid under the awning, where, in a very short time, he died from sunstroke.

The boatswain's death, which caused a great deal of superstition to manifest itself among the crew, resulted in our having to promote one of the able seamen into his place, and ship a Spaniard to make up our complement. The Spaniard gave some dark hints about the extreme remoteness of the date when he had last washed; and so, as soon as we got outside, the men tied him up and played the hose over him, which made him alarmingly ill for twenty-four hours; but, in the end, as the captain in his one and only burst of poetical quotation truly said, it was "Best for him, and best for we."

On our way back we stopped for three hours at Gibraltar to take

in coal, as many of these steamers have to do, and had time to see a great deal there we may never have another chance of. A week later we were home again, with our healths completely restored; and, as I hope, our minds in some measure enlarged, at a total expense of little over half-a-crown a day for food, which was perfectly eatable and good.

J. V. W.



RURAL NOTES

DEVON SHEEP.—Devon men have a resource in obtaining high quality mutton by crossing Exmoor ewes from the hills with a Leicester or Devon longwool ram. When this is done the sire imparts to the issue grazing character, together with a larger size, while the superb quality of the flesh of the Exmoor is retained. These sheep put on flesh readily and come to early maturity, qualities without which, many authorities say, no profit is to be obtained with regularity or safety. Devonshire farmers being thus suited do not run after cross-bred animals having a share of the Down blood. The South Devon sheep produce fleeces which even in Leicestershire cannot be excelled for staple and weight. The warm vales of the county and the soft, moist air do not seem to suit the short-woolled Down sheep, whose proper *habitat* appears to be a dry soil, high ground, not intensely cold, yet always "fresh," and sometimes bleak.

WHEAT.—The aspect of the growing plant has undergone great and general improvement during the month of May. The autumn-sown is now looking very well, and the late-sown is coming on rapidly. The good colour shows soundness at root, and the plant appears to be alike regular and thick. The farmers' deliveries of old wheat have been liberal; for the month of May they are estimated to have been about one million quarters. Imports have been still larger, so that some half-a-million quarters of wheat have probably been added to the national stocks. These were heavy before May began, and there are 2,500,000 quarters of wheat and flour now on passage to the United Kingdom, so that, taking all things together, the position for the consumer has decidedly improved since Easter, and it is not surprising that value on the Exchanges has been difficult to maintain.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—The outbreaks of this disastrous malady do not diminish as anticipated, as last week's return shows 132 outbreaks as compared with 114 in the previous week. Forty-seven animals died as compared with 106, and 3,284 recovered against 4,003. A decrease of ten farms out of 367 is to be noted. The present fine weather is the farmer's great safeguard, but absolute protection cannot be hoped for so long as animals are allowed to be imported from countries where disease prevails. An animal may pass as sound on board, but when landed will show symptoms of disease even after a week's location in this country. Originally imported from Southern Russia, the disease has been allowed to traverse England and Western Europe for want of restrictions which it should be one of the first duties of Governments to impose.

THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SHOW held its 100th Exhibition at Bridgewater last week. A choice of weather could not have resulted in anything better being obtained than the bright and genial days, free from excessive heat, during which the Show was open. As regards the Show itself the cattle classes were of an even character, few inferior, few of first-class merit. The horses on the other hand were a somewhat uneven show, which included, however, among the 132 entries several very fine animals. Of sheep there was a splendid show, though the Cotswolds were somewhat disappointing, and the Dartmoors decidedly did not seem to deserve much favour. The Leicester and the Down sheep, and the useful Somerset and Dorset Horns, were the specialties of the Show. The exhibition of pigs was a very good one, but the country of cream showed up very badly in the dairy department.

ENSILAGE.—In pursuance of an order from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Professor Carroll, of the Experimental Agricultural Department of National Education in that country, has visited Lord Walsingham's home farm at Merton in Norfolk, for the purpose of reporting upon the system of ensilage carried out upon it. It is much remarked that the Royal Agricultural Society of England have not taken any steps with reference to experiments in "ensilage," but have left the matter entirely in private hands. This is never quite a good thing, for every man is disposed to form a one-sided conclusion concerning his own experiments. He will either exaggerate his successes or indulge in a too sweeping denunciation based on the drawbacks he may have met with. The cost of experiments with ensilage should be far less than that of the expensive hay-driers' trials last year.

SUNFLOWERS FOR POULTRY.—It is stated that the seeds of the *Helianthus* form the best egg-producing food known for poultry, and keep them in a thriving condition, largely increasing the production of eggs. The *Scientific American* says that every poultry-keeper who tries it will find that this seed is the best food known for glossing the plumage of fowls, and is almost indispensable to those who want to fit their birds for exhibition to the best advantage. Requiring little care, the sunflower can be grown in odd corners and other places difficult of regular cultivation. The yield of seed is large, three quarts to the acre is the proper quantity to sow. It is curious that our Transatlantic contemporary should recommend the *Russian* variety while the *Californian* is that most in repute over here.

LAMBS IN KENT.—One advantage a late lambing season has over an early one is that those lambs which fall upon good grass fields, naturally survive in larger proportion than those bred in folds in keen and raw weather. In Kent, particularly the Weald, the fall of lambs has been remarkable. As many as 325 lambs have been counted with a flock of 200 ewes, while in smaller flocks we have met with a proportion of three lambs to two ewes. On the Romney Marshes the sheep have come home from their winter keeping in far better condition than for many years past.

"AN UNCONVERTED FARMER" would have us believe that the victories of science, in the field of agriculture at all events, have been bought very dear. Cultivators of hops in Kent will readily admit that the quality of the growth nowadays is far inferior to that of half a century since; disease in the plant is far more chronic, and it can all be traced to over-manuring. Even our fruit and vegetables, if bigger in size, are all deficient in the luscious flavour that in years gone by appertained to English-grown produce. It certainly seems true that vegetation, if forced to yield in greater bulk, loses, as a consequence, a portion of its quality and flavour.

WHITCHURCH SHOW should be an important agricultural event in the West of England. It is to be held in July, and there are a number of handsome prizes for horses, cattle, and sheep. Horses are to be divided into as many as nineteen classes, and the cattle classes, twenty-four in all, are even more numerous. Shorthorns, Herefords, and Channel Islands cattle are expected to be very strongly represented. The sheep are divided into eight classes, two of which will be for Kerrys. Shropshires, however, will naturally be the principal show of sheep, and on their own ground and with liberal prize money we look for a very fine and characteristic Show. The minor departments of an agricultural exhibition have not been neglected, for 50% will be given in prizes for pigs,

80% in prizes for cheese, and smaller prizes for butter and for wool. Horse-leaping will doubtless attract attention, and 63% will be given in prizes.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Dunmore's home farm has been burnt down, the damage being estimated at 2,000%, exclusive of 1,000 cents of corn. The horses and cattle were happily saved.—The Agricultural Holdings Bill (1875) Amendment Bill passed its second reading last week without a division. Mr. James Howard and Mr. Borlase were practically its only opponents.—Audley House is being restored for use as the "Church House" for the Diocese of Salisbury. Audley House is one of the oldest houses—not fortified—in England. It was built in the reign of Henry VII.—The Lake District is once more threatened by the Demon of Steam. The attempt to destroy the beauties of Derwentwater side having failed, Ulleswater is now to be attacked. As the London and North-Western Railway Company are powerful in Parliament, lovers of landscape must prepare in time.

WITH reference to our "Natural History Notes" last week, a correspondent writes that Kilmalden is not a town in Ireland, but the most southern parish in Scotland.



MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S return to the world of fiction is more than merely welcome, and is likely to be the leading event in the present year of that lately rather barren world. His "Altiora Peto" (Blackwood and Sons) is being brought out as an independent serial, Part I. having now appeared. The wonderful brightness and sparkle of this first number, however, give ample promise of a work which will at the least rival its famous predecessor, *Piccadilly*, and the reader's interest is already fully secured. We have again in perfection, so far as manner is concerned, the continuous brilliancy of epigram without any sacrifice of ease or clearness, or—a still more rare achievement—of good nature. Mr. Oliphant is witty rather than humorous, but his attitude towards social follies is nevertheless that of the humourist rather than of the wit: he can satirise mankind and womankind without putting himself out of sympathy. It may be assumed that the principal characters have by this time already introduced themselves. Altiora herself—for what must be called the clumsiest of titles represents the Christian name and surname of a girl—has not yet made very much mark of her own, though the autobiographical chapters of the novel will be thoroughly enjoyed by all who have ever felt offended by scientific psychology or by the cant of agnosticism. The leading characters at present are two exceedingly favourable specimens of that amazing product of civilisation, the girl of America, in an heiress and her friend, whose capricious exchange of personality is likely to play havoc with the schemes of an unscrupulous financial firm, and in general to affect the destinies of many contrasted lives. Not one of the *dramatis personae* has as yet been dealt with seriously, and we presume that Mr. Oliphant does not intend to pass much beyond the limits of comedy; but the reader would be rash who, out of even the largest experience, should venture to predict the course of what promises to be among the most original of stories. For ourselves, we reached the end of this first number with regret, and shall look forward to its successor impatiently. It is impossible to exaggerate the sense of infinite refreshment inspired by this work of genuine wit, of strong good sense, of sharp insight, and of scholarly style. "Altiora Peto," we already feel justified in foretelling, will take its place in literature, and is not to be regarded as a mere addition to the fiction of the hour. It may prove a great work of its kind—it cannot fail to prove a most enjoyable one.

"Moloch: a Story of Sacrifice," by Mrs. Campbell Praed (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), shows no falling-off in the remarkable degree of power which from the first distinguished the works of its authoress. Indeed, there is even an increase of dramatic force, especially, it must be added, in proportion as the scenes in which it is required are disagreeable in themselves. For Mrs. Praed's unquestionable power is apparently of an unhealthy kind. Her bent is towards the evil side of life, and towards situations where not every reader would care to follow her. As a rule, a feminine pen grows the weaker in proportion as it approaches these perilous places, and becomes only ridiculous in affecting to be strong. Mrs. Praed, however, is really strong in dealing with passion, which becomes anything but a dilution of sentiment in her hands. In "Moloch" she has chosen an absolutely repulsive situation, from which she cannot extricate herself without disappointing her readers by a painfully gloomy close; and, though she excites admiration by dint of power, she never succeeds in awakening the faintest feeling of sympathy. Her characters are a little stagey, after the French manner; but, if they are not wholly alive, they are at least as life-like as if they were in the hands of excellent actors. The scene is largely laid in Australia, like that of its best known predecessors, and has the same effect of having been described from within, so to speak, by one who is of it, instead of being, like most novels of colonial life, the result of observation from the outside. There would be a certain amount of injustice in stating the plot, and in enumerating the characters—the former requires its full amount of dramatic colour to be in the least appreciable; and the latter are, at any rate, too original to be discussed in a few words. Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to receive a novel from Mrs. Praed based upon a wholesome plot, and containing characters to whom it might be possible to extend healthy sympathy. Whatever degree of power might be sacrificed, enough would still remain.

"Sam's Sweetheart," by Helen Mathers (Mrs. Henry Reeves) (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is also in a sense an Australian novel, but of a very different order, and dealing with the savage and the gold-hunter rather than with the really less familiar circles of colonial society portrayed by Mrs. Praed. It is doing Mrs. Reeves no injustice to assume that she has drawn her materials mainly from her own vivid imagination, and partly from reading, and that "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is not altogether unknown to her. A beautiful naked savage, who has to stain herself artificially in order to hide her half-white parentage, and is in secret, owing to the instructions of a British ruffian—also disguised—a refined and fairly accomplished English lady; is at any rate a new and striking figure; and Yuntha, known as "Sam's Sweetheart" for her only travelling name, does credit to the boldness of Mrs. Reeves's fancy. On the whole, this work is certainly superior to its predecessors from the same pen. The plot is altogether closer, more coherent, and better constructed, though it still deals with undiluted impossibilities, and though a chapter appears to have dropped out here and there. Nor is the very decided advance in construction accompanied by any diminution in brightness of style. One of Mrs. Reeves's unflinching merits is a certain fearless contempt for rules, methods, and conventionalities, which stands her in good stead, and carries her in safety over obstacles before which any ordinary Pegasus would break down. The world she describes is always a real world of a sort, with many slighter touches which remind us of our own, even when her incidents are running their wildest. "Sam's Sweetheart," though its daring improbabilities sometimes take the breath away, is really clever and amusing; and Mrs. Reeves would do well to search out more undiscovered countries for her adventurous pen to conquer,



MESSRS. RICORDI.—The name of Amilcare Ponchielli, although but comparatively little known in England, is famous in Italy, the land which gave him birth. At the age of twenty-one he produced his first opera, *I Promessi Sposi*, which, from its indifferent libretto, was at first a failure, but was afterwards remodelled, and brought out at Milan in 1872. Ponchielli produced many other works, amongst which was a cantata in honour of Donizetti, 1875, which met with an enthusiastic reception. His most successful effort was *La Gioconda*, which was brought out at Milan; but, although it proved a great success, and at once became the most popular opera on the Italian lyric stage, the composer was not content, and worked hard for three years to bring it to the shape which it now bears, and in which it was recently produced at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, where it met with a favourable reception. Messrs. Ricordi have just brought out an edition of *Gioconda*, arranged for voice and pianoforte, with an English adaptation by Henry Hersee. The tragical libretto is by Arrigo Boito, the writer and composer of *Mefistofele*, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Tobia Gorrio." We shall not here attempt to criticise or analyse the music of this grand tragic opera in four acts, but refer our readers to the work itself, which proves that, in spite of its Italian origin, Signor Ponchielli has been greatly influenced by the teaching and example of Wagner, whose dramatic effects he has successfully imitated in many respects. The action takes place in Venice in the seventeenth century.

W. CZERNY.—Two songs, which will please all those who are fond of domestic tragedies, are "Little Cissy's Dead," a morbid little poem by Maggie Foreman, music to correspond by Edouard Lassen, and "Poqr Joe the Marine," a pathetic tale of the sea, written and composed by E. Lassen; both are of medium compass.—Two very useful pianoforte pieces for the schoolroom are "Haydn's Minuetto and Rondo, in E flat," and "Mendelssohn's Spring Song," arranged by Arthur E. Dyer.—"Chant de Gondolier," a favourite melody, by J. B. Wekerlin, has been arranged by the composer, in a pleasing and not difficult form, for the pianoforte.—Chopin's Valse (Op. 64, No. 1.), which is such an old-established favourite, has been brilliantly arranged by Richard Rickard for flute and pianoforte; it is well suited for the drawing-room or the concert-room.—Equally appropriate for that purpose is "Espagnola," a solo for violin, flute, or violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, composed by J. H. Maunder.

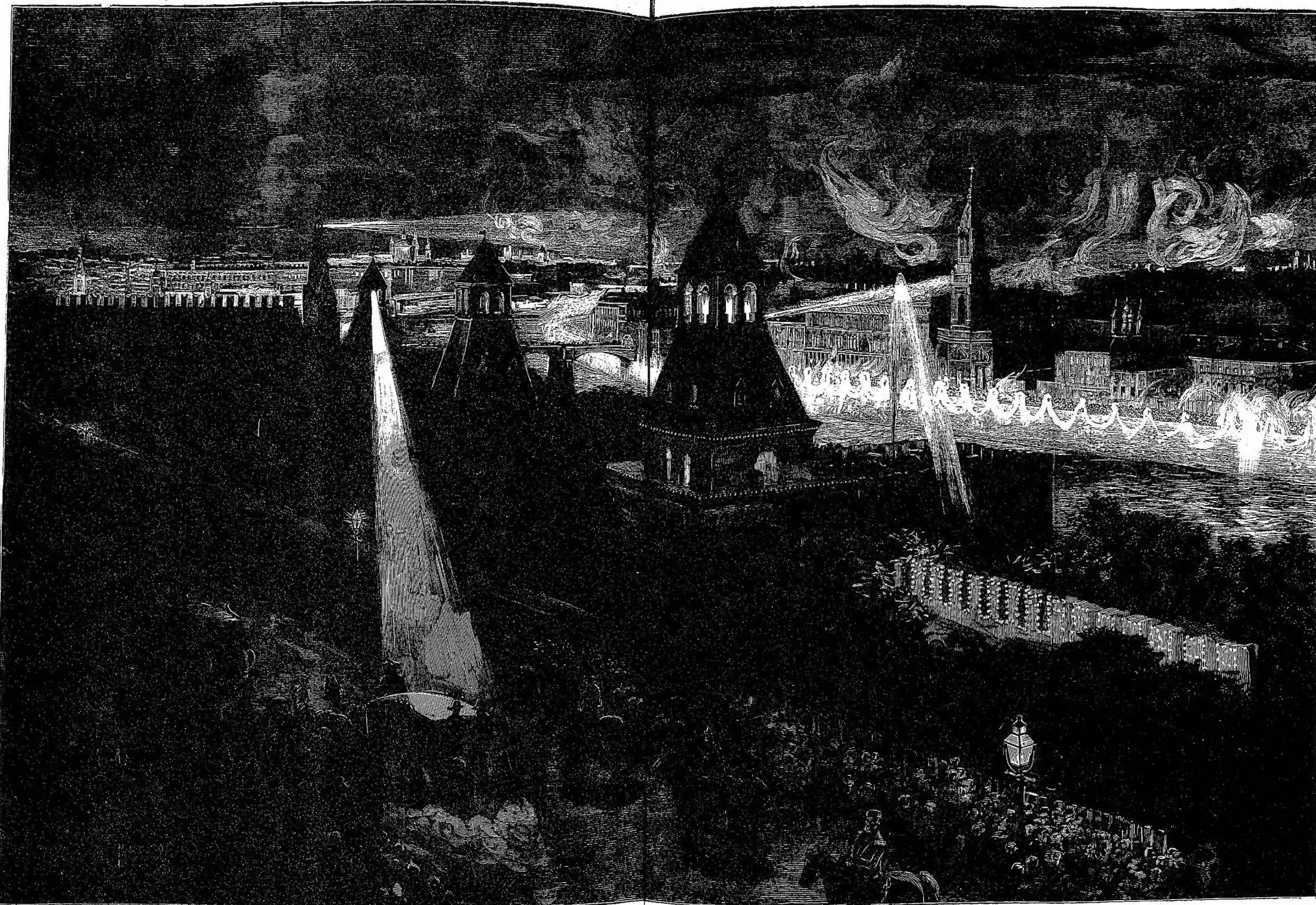
MISCELLANEOUS.—A very pleasing and simple ballad, of medium compass, is "Happy Dreams," words by Sarah L. Moore, music by Arthur E. Klitz; the compass is from D below the lines to G above the lines (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—In this Blue Ribbon movement age we do not often meet with *collaborateurs* who write boldly in praise of the wine-cup. At the same time it is an agreeable change to come across so cheerful and spirited a song as "Hail to the Cup," a convivial song, written and composed by William Oakleigh and Albert d'Archambaud; the sentiments are healthy, and the music is tuneful (H. d'Archambaud).—Nos. 43 and 44 of that most excellent publication, the "Sixpenny Musical Library," contain, the one, "Six Popular Vocal Duets," with pianoforte accompaniments, amongst which are the venerable favourites, "Tell Me, Where is Fancy Bred?" Shakespeare's words, and Sir John Stephenson's music; and "Love and War," by T. Cooke; both are of the florid school. The other number will be found a very useful pocket companion. Its contents are "Twenty Popular Scotch Songs," selected and arranged, with pianoforte accompaniments, by T. Crampton, who has done his work right well. It is very pleasant to come across such old friends as "Auld Lang Syne," "There's Nae Luck About the House," and "Comin' Thro' the Rye," which, as well as some others, have a pleasingly harmonised refrain for four voices. The two well-known representatives of the tragic and comic school are here—namely, "Auld Robin Gray" and "The Laird of Cockpen." We can cordially recommend this number to our readers for their holiday trips, as most of these old national songs are singable without accompaniments (F. Pitman.)

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A NEW member of the peculiar school of poetry which seems to have a fascination nowadays for some young men may be claimed in Justin H. McCarthy, the author of "Serapion, and Other Poems" (Chatto and Windus); but it appears from this volume that no serious loss is likely to accrue to the established reputation of former wooers of the muse. Mr. McCarthy has evidently read, with some power of assimilation, a good deal of modern poetry; but there are no signs of originality or of the genuine *aplus* in his verses, which are at best but clever imitations, and do not always attain even to that dignity. He has yet to learn that even the rules of prosody must give way to those of syntax—e.g., "his storm-shook vessel" is not good grammar; neither, we may add, does "arcadian" rhyme to "maiden." Strangely enough, the most ambitious piece, which names the volume, is also the best; it is a quasi-dramatic sketch of Alexandrian life in the days of St. Athanasius, obviously inspired by Kingsley's "Hypatia," and is not without youthful vigour in places, whilst the blank verse is fairly good, though too Tennysonian. The same may be remarked of "Ibycus," and of the extremely unpleasant piece "Brynilda;" whilst some of the sonnets and "The Gold Girl" leave us with the general impression that the author is consumed by a devouring passion for a burlesque actress, who will hardly thank him for the equivocal compliments paid to her fascinations. As might almost have been foreseen, Mr. McCarthy thinks it necessary to attempt a new rendering of Horace's Ode to Pyrrha, which is not worse than most of its predecessors; but he has been good enough to spare us the other hackneyed pieces by the Mantuan which most young versifiers think it incumbent upon them to translate. The collection will hardly add to his literary reputation.

To write a sustained poem in sonnet form, consisting of no less than 365 stanzas, was rather a bold venture; but, on the whole, it has been attended with a fair amount of success in the case of "A Year of Life, the Price of the Bishop, and Other Poems," by John Cameron Grant (Longmans). The author's earlier work had prepared us for graceful fancy and earnest thought, as well as for correct metrical expression, and there are no signs of deterioration in his present volume. Without professing entire agreement with the views as to the construction of English sonnets put forward in the preliminary remarks, we may say that Mr. Grant has carried out his convictions in an able manner, and the collection contains some elegant and scholarly lines. In a different style, a weird and ghastly legend, entitled "The Price of the Bishop," has power to recommend it; and the minor pieces are not without their special merit. Indeed, the book is much above the average.

"Vers de Société and Parody, with Other Essays," by H. A. Page (T. Fisher Unwin), contains, in the principal section, some amusing extracts, accompanied by shrewd, if not strikingly original comments. The other essays have rather the air of being stray reviews, for the reprinting of which we fail to see any valid reason. It is rather strange, by-the-by, that the author should have omitted to mention Mr. Clement Scott amongst verse writers of this description.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA—MOSCOW ILLUMINATED
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS



THERE is attraction in the very name of Miss Bird's new book, "The Golden Chersonese" (J. Murray)—in plainer words, the Peninsula of Malacca. No country bordering the great highways of commerce is less known than this even to the scientific geographer. Beyond the strip of British settlements or of States under British protection to the south and west, the rest of the Peninsula is almost wholly unexplored. Its early history is a complete blank. Known to the ancients as the Aurea Chersonesus, and supposed by some to have been the Ophir of King Solomon, it was colonised, if native legends may be trusted, by Malay invaders, about the middle of the twelfth century, who drove out the aboriginal forest tribes, or blended with them in the interior into a mixed race which allows no explorer to pass its borders. Its authentic chronicles begin with the conquests of the Portuguese A.D. 1511, and end for the present with the settlement which followed the Perak War in 1874. That such a country should arrest Miss Bird on her way back from the land of the hairy Ainos to civilisation may readily be imagined, and her letters home, though the death of the sister to whom they were addressed has prevented their benefiting like former volumes by her kindly criticisms, are as fresh and spirited as anything she has written. They commence *en route* with some wonderful descriptions of Canton and its prisons, the foulest spot in the one city in the world whose fouler side has always seemed to us to be less like earth than a circle of the Inferno, though Miss Bird indulges elsewhere in a page of rapture over its picturesque and unalloyed "Orientalism," and take us then, after a day at Saigon, to the Queen of the Straits Settlements, Singapore. So far they traverse familiar ground; northward from Singapore the scenes are altogether new, or new in some of their most important features. One of the most interesting places is Malacca itself, a sleepy, Dutch-built town, now virtually owned by the Chinese, who, strange to say, not only live, but make their graves here in the cemetery on the hill. Their love of finery and display can be indulged in under British rule without any dread of consequences. The houses of the second-class traders abut upon the streets, offering, through half-closed doors, most tempting visions of richly furnished interiors. The wealthiest have their villas in the suburbs, each in its own walled garden; and on the great movable festival of the Chinese New Year—expanded by the very richest into a two months' holiday—the barbaric pomp and costly attire of the jewel-laden children are things to be remembered ever after. A night journey up the Linggi River—the reader will look vainly for it on ordinary maps—and the friendship struck up in Perak with the pet monkeys of the British Resident—Mahmoud and Eblis, and a half-tamed Siamang—are the subjects of other thoroughly delightful letters. Nor is it easy to read without some pride of the cool, resolute, solitary men who, with a very slender force, by sheer strength of character and even-handed justice, hold treacherous Malays and inscrutable Chinese alike in awe—at what hidden risk the murder of Mr. Birch, at the very time of Miss Bird's visit, was ample proof. Miss Bird herself, in her love of adventure, caused, we fear, more than one *mauvais quart d'heure* to her kindly hosts; but that which brought them anxiety is our gain, and has helped to give us a picture, unrivalled in its way, of the motley population of this strange land, recruited yearly from all parts of Asia; though the Chinese, of course, outnumber all the rest. "Empress good," broke in a Kling boatman, who heard Miss Bird express her wonder at the sight. "Kling make money here; Kling keep it."

Though tame and homely after travels like Miss Bird's, there is a pleasant savour of healthy holiday-making in "About Yorkshire," by Thomas and Katherine Macquoid (Chatto and Windus), which fully compensates for the lack of strange adventures. Nowhere else in England is it so easy to step at once from the smoke and bustle of a manufacturing town to grand old ruins or breezy moorlands, scarcely altered since the day when monks sang in Kirkstall choir, and barons held state in Barnard Castle; nor anywhere will the tourist meet such infinite variety of interesting objects—traces of Roman occupation, as at York, or further to the North, where the old Lavatæ only waits the filling up of a subscription list to bring its buried baths again to light; castles and abbeys famous in chronicle and legend; quaint fishing villages; and glens like Wensleydale, exhaustless in points of interest to the artist and the naturalist. Mrs. Macquoid has quite an exceptional gift for recalling at every place she visits the historic or poetic associations connected with its name, and her husband's pencil never wearies in transmitting to paper faithful sketches of romantic dales and stately ruins. For the summer excursionist in the Yorkshire uplands we can imagine no pleasanter or more instructive companion.

It is hard to say whether pleasure or vexation most predominates in turning over the magnificent volumes in which modern French antiquaries devote the labours of a life to the follies and the fashions of the last century of the *ancien régime*. Such patient research, such delicacy of treatment, and with all this a subject so unworthy of more than a page or two of terse description. M. Adolphe Jullien, who makes the private theatres of eighteenth-century Paris his special study, has now, in his "Comédie de la Cour" (Firmin-Didot et Cie.), brought together in a superb *édition de luxe* his three monographs on the "Grandes Nuits de Sceaux," the "Petits Cabinets de Madame de Pompadour," and the "Théâtre de Marie Antoinette à Trianon," the three most famous entertainments of the kind in their respective epochs. All through this period private theatricals were the rage among the fashionable world of Paris. A dozen great nobles had theatres and companies of their own, where *grandes dames* rivalled the best professional actresses in their portrayal of witty *soubrettes* and timid *ingénues*, where performers like Le Kain and Adrienne Lecouvreur made their *début*, and members of the Academy taxed their brains to devise novel incidents, or fantastic compliments. The grandest spectacles were those at Sceaux, where the Duchesse de Maine, the Condé who married the legitimised son of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, had a Court and Palace which rivalled those of Versailles; and the most interesting the performances at the Trianon, where Marie Antoinette played "royalement mal," regardless alike of the warnings of her clever mother and the displeasure of her stupid spouse. But, though faultlessly got up, and quaintly illustrated with *fac-simile* reproductions of curious old engravings, the volume is a little wearying, after all, in its manifold details of faded witticisms, and comedies which only make us yawn.

Under the title of "Provincial Art in France" (Remington and Co.) Mr. Comyns Carr has reprinted from the *Manchester Examiner* his excellent notes on the museums of French provincial cities. These institutions, too little noticed by roving Englishmen, not only diffuse a taste for Art and encourage local talent by judicious purchases of works of promise, but tempt rich men to bestow upon their native towns the treasures which in England would be hidden from sight in the inaccessibility of private collections. Two such donors, to take a single instance, have made Montpellier the best place out of Paris for the study of at least two important schools of painting—the Dutch and the modern French romanticists.

The three following volumes (all from Chatto and Windus) have reached us rather tardily, for they have been exhibited for sale for some time in shop-windows and at booksellers': "Academy Notes, 1883," with 143 illustrations, edited by Henry Blackburn; "Grosvenor

Notes, 1883," with 79 illustrations, edited by Henry Blackburn; and "The Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon," edited by F. G. Dumas, and containing about 400 reproductions in *fac-simile*, after the original drawings of the artists. These illustrated guides, which a few years ago would have been regarded as a daring novelty, are now familiar to most frequenters of picture galleries; the engravings appear fully up to the standard of former editions; and, as we have before observed, they are not only useful while looking at the pictures, but serve as a capital stimulant to the memory if consulted weeks and even months afterwards. Taken altogether, the Paris Salon reproductions are perhaps more artistic than those of the English Galleries, but then Mr. Blackburn expressly states that his engravings are "not intended as works of Art, but to convey an idea of the composition of the pictures." Mr. Blackburn claims, and we believe justly, to be the originator of these illustrated catalogues. He says that "the first of the kind ever published in any country was that of the Grosvenor Gallery (Summer Exhibition) in 1878." Mr. Blackburn ought to know, but surely the first of his illustrated Academy Notes appeared as far back as 1875. Perhaps, however, he does not consider this to have been, properly speaking, a catalogue.

We need not compare Mr. A. Caldecott's translation, as he seems to wish, with the Greek text of Halm to enjoy the quiet humour of his brother's designs for "Some Fables of Æsop, with Modern Instances" (Macmillan and Co.). The group of "Frogs Desiring a King," and its modern analogue, a crowd of Nationalists, discontented already with their King Log (the Land Bill), and clamouring for Home Rule; the companion sketches of the Cock who rakes up a Jewel where he looked for grain, and the storm-beaten wayfarer hurrying to a supposed house of refreshment only to find Bookseller *vice* Beerseller on the sign; and the amusing portrayal of the same individual as lean Bachelor "Wolf" and sleek (but not quite happy) Married "Dog," will speak for themselves. The human expression in many of the animals is irresistibly comic.

A short time since we had occasion to speak favourably of a little book on "English Forests," by Dr. Croumbie Brown; to-day we have from the same author a translation of "The French Forest Ordinance of 1669" (Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh), the first really systematic effort made in France to arrest the destruction of the State Forests, and the germ of all later legislation on the subject. The introductory chapters, judiciously compiled from the best French works upon the national forests, are of decided interest both historical and technical.

A reprint (Nimmo and Co., Edinburgh) of the curious sketches of "Mendicant Wanderers in the Streets of London," published some sixty-five years ago by T. Smith, of the British Museum, with an introduction by his friend, Francis Douce, will still repay a casual inspection. Smith's drawings of representative beggars are wonderfully life-like, and Mr. Douce's introduction, penned in the half-humorous, half-moralising style, affected by social and antiquarian writers in his day, is far from unamusing. A brief "fore-word" might not perhaps have been amiss to warn the reader that the London here described is the London of the last years of George III. "L'Electricité Comme Force Motrice" (Hachette et Cie.), by Count Th. du Moncel and M. Géraudy, is a useful *résumé* of experiments in the application of electricity to mechanics from the time of Jacobi (1834) to the newest contrivances for the employment and storage of electric force exhibited at Paris in 1881 by Siemens, Edison, Deprez, and others.

Of half-a-dozen volumes for Art Students, "A Guide to the Proportions of the Human Form," published by authority of the Council on Education" (Chapman and Hall)—an English version of the "Polykletus" of Dr. Schadow, the standard German work upon the subject—needs no further commendation.—"Sketching from Nature," by Tristram B. Ellis, a new volume of "The Art at Home Series" (Macmillan and Co.), adorned with numerous sketches by the author and H. S. Marks, R.A., is full of useful lessons for beginners, pleasantly and clearly conveyed in a series of short chapters. The choice of colours is a special feature, interestingly illustrated by a list of the palettes used by a dozen of our most famous painters. It will be seen that thirteen or fourteen different pigments suffice for the most brilliant effects of a Leighton, a Millais, or an Alma Tadema.—Something, too, may be learned, we think, from the "Life and Nature Studies" of Mr. Hume Nisbet (A. and J. Brown), odd medleys as they are of imaginative descriptions and practical hints which remind us slightly, despite their verbosity, of the blunt impressiveness of the American Hunt.—"Sketches for Country Residences," by E. Newton, Architect (T. B. Batsford), contain some pretty designs for river-side houses; and "Terra Cotta Painting," by Colibert (W. Burnard), some useful hints for young practitioners in this pleasant and easily-acquired art.

IN THE CHASE

THE Chase is a long thin strip of wooded land that extends for miles and miles through the most unfrequented part of two distant English counties; indeed, so dotted about is it, so closely covered with graceful thin nut-bushes and underwood in some parts, and so naked and barren of ought save furze-bushes in others, that it is only by such names as Ashoaks, and sundry similar cognomens, that we are able to trace it as we drive along.

We pause for awhile on the down, and look around us. There is a perfect chorus of bird-notes, blackbirds and thrushes chanting mightily, while a lark is out-singing them all, almost drowning the notes of the cuckoo, and vying with a corn-crake who is creaking away, and sounding very similar to the squeak of a gate that requires oiling. The furzy common seems to extend for miles; here and there are thorn-trees just bursting into blossom, with thin trunks and limbs covered with soft grey moss; while just before us rise two solitary lodges, empty, and looking as if they had seen better days, and appearing as if they stood as sentinels to guard a big house, long since fallen down and disappeared. It is strange how far we can see, how far we may travel here, and not catch a glimpse of a human being. The small gray-thatched cottages, leaning up against a church, and with an imposing, much-out-of-place-looking house, that is the Vicarage, which forms a village, are few and far between; and, as we enter The Chase, and drive between nut-bushes, growing tall and lanky in a manner that would send a Kentish nut-grower out of his mind, we begin to think we are in the Middle Ages, for all the sounds or evidences of life we hear or see. Indeed, as we pause once more, enraptured at the sight of the millions of wild flowers that would make the fortune of a Covent Garden Market florist, we see evident traces of much earlier days than these; for, concealed in the low-growing brushwood, and grown over by bushes of all sorts and sizes, we discover rings of earth exactly like the Amesbury hanks in Epping Forest, supposed once to have encircled the abodes of the Ancient Britons, or to have formed ramparts to the ingenious dwellings of those mysterious and little-known creatures, the Earthmen.

Yet surely now we hear voices, and, almost afraid that we must have aroused the spirits of the departed, we venture a little farther, and find that we have stumbled at last on some other human beings beside ourselves. How picturesque is their occupation too! And as we note the agile manner in which the lissom hazel wands are twisted into hurdles, or neatly stacked for firewood, among the thousands of blossoms and to the sound of the songs of birds, we are almost inclined to say, "This will we do ourselves," and decline to return ever again to the haunts of men. Their peaceful surroundings make these men very silent. Anyhow, they seem never to address each other. One cuts the hazel into the required lengths, while another possessing a horse-shoe piece of wood with holes in it proceeds to knock the

stronger hazel branches into these holes; then, taking lengths of the younger wood, he twists them round and round the poles until the hurdle is completed, when he knocks the finished work away from the horse-shoe, and it springs into shape in a moment, and is then put on a pile to await the carter, and another quickly commenced. Although it certainly does away with the seclusion, a newly-cleared copse is a fine and picturesque sight; the trees that are left seem thankful for the fresh air and sun, and the white stumps of the bushes appear to gleam among the flowers, while somehow or other the men engaged in woodcraft look always fit to step straight into a picture. After all, too, they are doing no harm, for these hazels are twenty years old, and so unfit for fruit, the gathering of which brings in quite a nice lot of money to the women and children, who come miles and miles from the villages round in early and later autumn; first, to possess themselves of the young nuts, which are sent up wholesale to town for dyeing purposes, and afterwards for the ripe fruit that is sold to the one man in the respective villages who is sufficiently advanced to have dealings with London, and who pays them according to the season prices, ranging from 4s. 6d. to 4s. a peck, as the supply is great or small. Then the copses are alive with people, to whom permission is given to gather the nuts by the lords of the manors in which The Chase is situate, and is received gratefully by those who are unaware or oblivious of the fact that long ages ago these copses were all free and open, and were actually stolen from the public in bygone years, when folks were not as conversant with their rights as they are nowadays. Perhaps it is as well that these woods are enclosed and kept sacred, for otherwise they would hardly be as beautiful as they are in late spring, when the fine small leaf of the hazel has put on its pale green flag, and when the wan anemone, tall scented bluebell, crouching yellow primrose, and dog-violet make a carpet far too dainty for human feet to tread; and we drive on, rejoicing somewhat at the wire fence that keeps out intruders, yet allows all these beauties to be visible to us as we pass. The Chase goes this way and that, first on the left hand, then on the right, and then for awhile disappears altogether, and we are many feet above the level of the sea, as it seems us, and away on an open down. And what a marvellous view is here!—one worth travelling miles and miles alone to see. Away to the left a drifting spring storm obscures our view; or the Isle of Wight should be visible from this spot, lying, like a sleeping beauty, enveloped in a veil of mist on the vague horizon. Behind us, far away, are the lovely Purbeck Hills; and, to our right, that dim, mysterious spot, known as "The Vale." The Vale, from here, seems indeed a desirable location; field after field of rich pasture land, with that peculiar local tint of dense blue that seems to brood over fat grazing land, stretches away; here and there a stately church indicates the presence of a village, so hidden by luxuriant tree-growth that, were it not for the faint purple smoke climbing lazily up towards the dappled sky, we should doubt its existence; while an occasional great house tells us of the landowner, who obtains, even in these hard times, 4s. an acre easily, while the downlands, and rougher fields above The Vale, scarcely realise for their possessor a scanty pound; and in many cases, covered as it is with couch-grass, and fast returning to the down it was before it was broken up, by costly processes, in the flourishing time of farmers, tell its own story of diminished rents, and lack in places of any tenant at all. It would be easy to wait here for hours, noting the great hills standing up here and there, looking as if The Vale had once been the mouth of a vast river that had washed out these tall cliffs, that look singularly out of place so far inland, and that in one case appear like the guardians of a quaint green harbour, where stand the fold and the small moveable shepherd's house, and from whence we glance up to see sheep and lambs hanging on, as it seems to us, by their eyelids on an incline at which it makes us giddy to look; and we are involuntarily shrinking back at their perilous situation when suddenly a tall figure appears against the sky-line. He holds out his arm, the sheep-dog darts round the outside animal, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, the flock is together on what appears to be the edge of a razor, but which is really a broad expanse of hill, covered with the short delicious grass that is their delight. Just one moment to look at the little town of Shaftesbury, clustered on a hill top beyond the Down, and we turn away to see just another corner of The Chase. It is delightful to drive on these strange roads, coming every now and then on a white finger-post, inscribed with all sorts of names, that have been only to us as marks on the map, and nothing more, and that sometimes mention places of which we have never heard, but that are most suggestive with their quaint names; and we are almost sorry when we reach our last resting-place, and descend to examine the "Alarm Oak," which is one of the sights of The Chase. Full of interest indeed is this little corner. Not so very long ago it was a sandpit, deep with hanging thornbushes and furze, but now, cleared and tidy, it makes a charming change from the wild uncultured land through which we have been going. Still if Art has succeeded Nature, she has not ousted the traditions that hang about the place, but has discovered much that might otherwise have never been discovered from the dust of ages, for flint implements were turned up by the spade, and objects that pointed out the presence of long-dead Romans, and many other things were discovered that made links between us and those bygone times. Here at the Alarm Oak the signal for the hunt was given as far back, say they, as the days of the Ancient Britons, an excellent bronze statue of one of these veterans, by Boehm, being in the centre of this corner of The Chase. And here came King John, who had a hunting-box at Toller Royal, where we hear that his spirit yet walks intent on repossessing himself of some treasure hidden by him there.

Interesting as these olden times are, the present must not be forgotten—for here the birds are most entralling to watch. On yonder vase, last spring, a little wagtail built her nest—a "wash-dish," as the gardener calls her. Her young were hatched out, when, in one of her absences on the look-out for food, a cuckoo came along and laid her egg right in the middle of the featherless mites. When the wagtail returned she turned out all her own offspring and hatched out the cuckoo in due time, bringing it up until it was almost fit to fly, when the gardener took it, clipped its wings, and made it a home on the lawn—for cuckoos are excellent destroyers of white slugs—when one night a weasel killed it, thus bringing retribution on its head for the ill its parent had done. While, if we believe all we hear about the three stately peacock and hens that walk about the grounds—how they are queer huffy creatures, how they emulate many landowners by destroying all those who stand between them and their nobility, and how they know times and seasons as well as human beings—we shall be puzzled to know where instinct leaves off and reasoning powers begin. Even in these remote parts the evil-minded bird-catcher comes down, and haunts the margins of the ponds with his poor little caged "toll-bird," to entrap goldfinches, or larks, or bull-finches, or, in fact, anything that comes his way. Still, for those who care to study the ways of birds, to possess themselves of rare moths and butterflies, or to wander for miles far from the haunts of men, and see quite unexpected, quite wonderful, and different scenery and panoramas, The Chase has attractions that cannot possibly be over-stated or over-valued.

J. E. P.

THE WORM IS TURNING very decidedly in the United States as regards the coloured population who, with increasing education, feel their social inferiority all the more keenly. The most enlightened and influential men of negro birth are accordingly organising a national convention of coloured members to meet in Washington next September, in order to consider the condition of their race in the country, and the best method of securing their full rights as citizens.

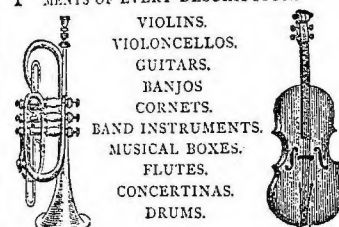
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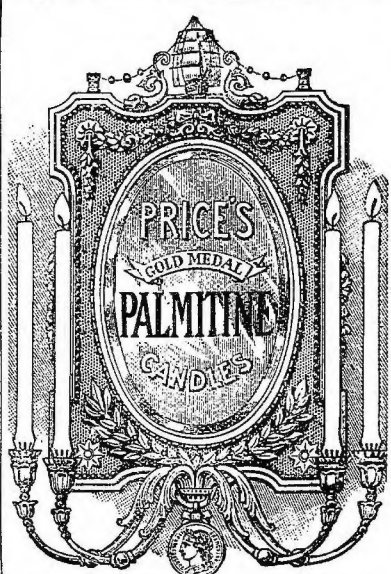
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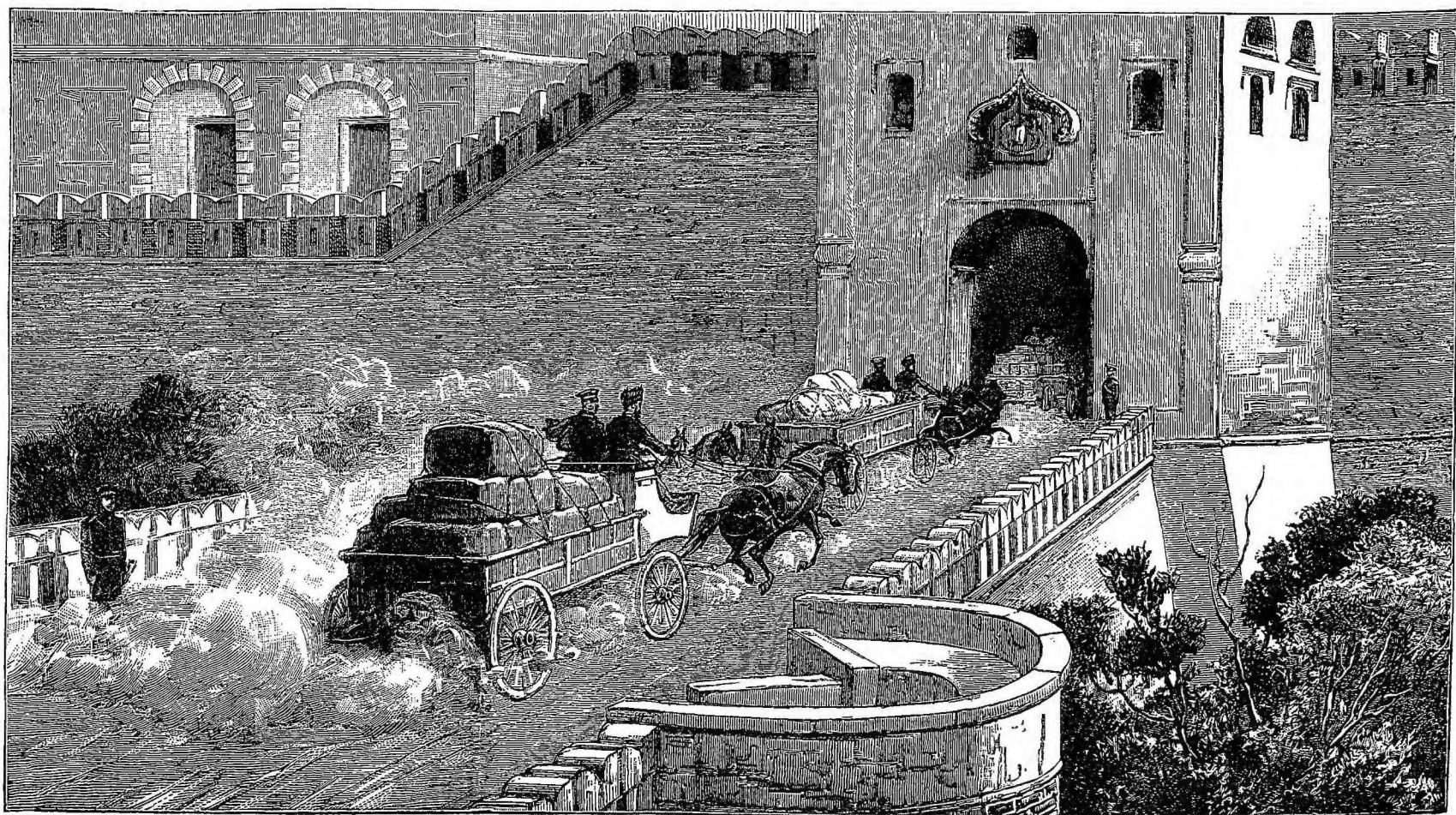
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